

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art.

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 101 (2261).—VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

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Dublin Castle, 24th May, 1860.

NOTICE.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

REVIEWS.

MICHELET'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.\*

It is rare to find a writer so prolific in almost every department of literature as M. Michelet, rare to find one with a greater power of arresting the attention and interest of his readers on the most various subjects. Yet we are glad to find that his disquisitions on such topics as *L'Amour, la Femme*, &c., however curious and important they may have been, were but interludes in severer work, and that the "History of France" is still proceeding towards completion. We have now before us the fourteenth volume; embracing a period crowded with events of the utmost importance in political, religious, and literary history—that, namely, between the years 1661 and 1690. We cannot speak so favourably of this as of some earlier volumes. It seems to us to contain more of the peculiar defects, less of the peculiar merits, which usually characterise the writings of M. Michelet. His style, at times so brilliant, and with clear, sharp sentences flashing light into the dark places of history, now seems to move on, almost spasmodically, with sudden jerks and abrupt transitions. His statements of facts, even the most well known, are not always accurate. He speaks more than once of James II. as having been excluded from the throne, which is the more strange, as he frequently refers to the authority of Lord Macaulay; by whom, as every one knows, the history of the Exclusion Bill, and of its rejection by the House of Lords, is given at length. Again, M. Michelet, who, always quick at eliminating the general idea out of numberless particulars, is now not only quick, but hasty. His statements and inferences must in consequence be received with considerable reserve. We must continually pause to test his sweeping denunciations of men and things, to examine whether the judgment which he so undoubtedly delivers, is or is not to be accepted at once as final. Sometimes, we cannot help thinking that the propositions which M. Michelet lays down in a general form, are subject in his own mind to some reserve or qualification; that he only intends them as true under certain limitations, which, as they are immediately present to him as he writes, he expects, though we fear the expectation must often be disappointed, to be equally present in the mind of the reader. In some such way, we should wish to explain and modify the hard charges of ingratitude, which M. Michelet advances against the House of Orange, and declares to be their hereditary sin. Let us, for example, examine the case of William the Silent in connection with this accusation of ingratitude. It will furnish an illustration of what we have been saying. We must remember that that ill-sounding word, ingratitude, is applicable generally to the whole family of Orange. "*Le Taciturne, glorieusement ingrat, mais ingrat cependant pour le sang de Charles Quint qui l'a élevé*"—here M. Michelet himself begins at once to modify, *ingrat* but *glorieusement*; and we might probably go on explaining, that the light personal connection of education at his court—which it is suggested, bound William to Charles for the favours received—could never for a moment be weighed against public duties, or against the considerations which urged William to stand forth, as he did so nobly, the champion of his religion and

country. And so proceeding in our argument, it would become manifest that the "ingratitude" evinced, far from being a sign of weakness, was a proof rather of strength and virtue, of private respect yielding to public good. Subject to these observations and drawbacks, the present volume is full of matter most interesting and most instructive. Let us hastily glance over some of the events which it commemorates.

When, on the death of Mazarin in March, 1661, the ministers came to the king, and asked to whom they were thenceforth to address themselves, he answered: "To me." This declaration was very popular, everybody admired and blessed the greatness of the courage which he evinced in undertaking such a charge, whilst Europe dated the accession of the king from the death of the minister, and watched curiously for the first measures of the reign—three blows directed against the Protestants. This was the inauguration of the new system. Among the deputations that came to compliment the king, the Protestant ministers were excluded. The king re-enacted the prohibitions which forbade them singing psalms even in their own houses, suppressed their conferences, and authorised children to declare themselves against their parents—a clear indication of the spirit which was to animate the future government. Every thing conspired to favour the new reign. No obstacle seemed likely to check the career of the young king. "Master at home, by the effects of a singular idolatry, he will be master abroad by reason of the universal exhaustion." As we read the earliest chapters of M. Michelet, we could easily fancy that we had taken up the volumes of some "*chronique scandaleuse*." The king is supreme, is idolised, adored; on the word of the king hangs the fate of thousands. To know the influences which may affect him, is doubtless all-important. But, unfortunately, these influences are chiefly of a material, sensual nature. The state of his majesty's digestion, the character of the mistress of the hour, become subjects of imperial interest. To court intrigue, however, we cannot but think that M. Michelet gives too prominent a place—dwelling at length on much that might have been merely indicated, to the exclusion of really important and interesting events. We would have had less of the arcana of the palace, more of the administrative schemes of Colbert, more of the conquest of Flanders, of the war with Holland. But, in the opinion of M. Michelet, political considerations in this reign are subservient to religious. That place which the Revolution fills in the 18th century, is occupied in the 17th by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the emigration of the Protestants, and the English Revolution, which was the consequence of it. The influence, both direct and indirect, of the Protestant refugees, in furthering the deliverance of Europe from imminent political and religious bondage, M. Michelet thinks has been much underrated. The pen of Jurieu, the sword of Schomberg, the burning devotion of the French refugees, were powerful instruments in obtaining for the world that which they had failed to do for their own country. This, he says, has been too lightly indicated by the English historians, even by Lord Macaulay. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes is, then, the event of the age. To it, and to the events which led up to it, M. Michelet apportions the largest half of the volume. Every thing tends to it. The disputes of Louis with the Papacy: for he soothes his conscience by striking at the heretics. His need of money: for every grant from the clergy is purchased by the concession of some perse-

cuting ordonnance. The influence of Madame de Maintenon, who flatters the inclinations of the king, supports Louvois, and opposes herself to Colbert. The first trial of the Dragonnades was made in April, 1681, with terrible effect. In June followed an ordonnance permitting children of seven years old to quit their parents and become converts; and this, in July, was followed by one yet more strange: it declares "*qu'on s'est trompé en croyant que le roi défend de maltraiter les protestants*." In the meantime, in the solemn discourses which open their assemblies, the clergy complain that they are persecuted. The explanation of which, says M. Michelet, is thus given by the wisest and best-informed Catholics. "They bear witness that neither in morals nor culture could the Catholics sustain a comparison with the Protestants, or the priests with the ministers. Some men of genius do not make a great body—Bossuet and Fenelon, of whom people are always talking; some clever bishops do not make up the clergy. We must view them as a whole." As a whole they were ignorant and corrupt. In that sense, the Protestants did persecute and humiliate the clergy; their quiet and regular life seeming, as it were, to be a satire on the scandals which were rife among the priesthood. Could the king be led on to the excessive rigours of a general proscription? The king's conscience is not at ease. Industry is languishing, distress universally prevalent; yet in the midst of such distress, the king can find 200,000 millions for his bastards. But if he can give scandalous fortunes to his bastards, as a make-weight, he could save a number of children whom he made Catholics. In 1685, the Edict of Nantes was finally revoked. In 1685, the king was privately married to Madame de Maintenon.

If we consider the spirit of the ordinances which had already been published, and the character of an utterly reckless and brutal soldiery, now let loose upon the Protestants, one may well stand appalled before the calamities that may, or rather must, befall them. The history of the Dragonnades is in truth a dark spot in the annals of mankind. We would fain disbelieve the awful details. But the evidence is too strong, and, as we are compelled to allow, too clear. M. Michelet examines at some length the question of its authenticity, credibility, and freedom from exaggeration. The Protestant accounts, he concludes, far from being exaggerated, frequently pass in silence over odious incidents that we know from other sources; they often spare the victims who had survived, and might read their own history, the pain of again finding in them too bitter details, too desolating recollections. With admirable moderation they furnish "*des circonstances atténuantes*," for Louis XIV. They prove that he was deceived, and, independently of his bigotry, and of the expiation which he sought in this good work, that he was played upon by those about him. Besides, these Protestant documents are confirmed by the best authority—that of their enemies; they are established by the demands of the assemblies of the clergy, who granted money to the king only at that price, as well as by the series of the ordinances and administrative correspondence.

Having, then, transmitted to us, on undoubted testimony, the acts of this most shocking persecution, is it better to pass them by with vague, uncertain report, as things too painful to linger over, too far removed from possibility of repetition to make the lesson which they teach of use to us in this present time? Hear on this M. Michelet. After enumerating a black catalogue of crimes and cruelties, he cries, with just indignation—

\* *Louis XIV. et la Révocation de l'Édit de Nantes*. Par J. Michelet. (Chaveroi à Paris; London: D. Nutt.)

"Memento! It would be too convenient for tyrants, if history would spare them these execrable recollections. The delicate—perhaps the egotistical—will say, 'Put away these details. Paint us that broadly, nobly, with reserve. You ruffle our nerves.' To which we shall answer—If you suffer, so much the better: if your icy soul at length has a sensation. Public indifference, swift oblivion, that is the plague which perpetuates and renews evils. Suffer and be mindful. Memento!" Yes, it is well to remember these things. Seeing that so much has been written by servile pens in adulation of the "great monarch," and that the glories of this reign have been so loudly exalted; it does behoove us to recall the dark background on which those glories were painted. Sure we are of this, that the Reign of Terror in the following century gave birth to no darker deeds than those which, by superior order, or at the least by superior connivance, were executed by the "dragoons" of Louis XIV. Whatever we may allow for bigotry, for ignorance, for the influence of surrounding advisers and circumstances, we are convinced that seldom has a monarch lived more reckless of the suffering and life of others, more indifferent, or more culpably ignorant of the miseries to which his subjects were by his instrumentality condemned, than was Louis XIV. And when we consider the result to France and to Europe of this and the ensuing reign, we are tempted to conclude with the words which Rabelais puts into the mouth of Panurge—"Ces diables de roya ici ne sont que veaulx, et ne savent, ni ne valent rien, sinon à faire des maux es pauvres subjects, et à troubler tout le monde par guerre pour leur inique et détestable plaisir."

#### HISTORICAL MEMOIR OF THE O'BRIENS.

SOME years ago, an intelligent correspondent of "Notes and Queries," whilst discussing some matter connected with Irish history, lamented the gradual extinction of the once powerful family of the O'Briens, and expressed a regret that no patriotic chronicler had been found to recount the glories of that race. Mr. O'Donoghue's ample volume, now before us, will be quite sufficient to allay this lament; and at the same time to afford another proof that, in the successful investigation of their own annals and antiquities, the Irish yield the palm to none.

It is difficult to say at what precise period in the Irish chronicles fable ends and history begins. The ancient annals unhesitatingly refer us to the year B.C. 1070, in which Milesius and his sons, Heremon and Heber, arriving from Spain, effected the conquest of Ireland. The annalist, Tighernach, who flourished about the time of William the Conqueror, thinks that the true historical epoch commences with the reign of Kimbaeth, B.C. 305; more critical authorities would perhaps look upon the arrival of St. Patrick in the year A.D. 432, and the conversion of the whole island to Christianity, as our starting-point; but, for present purposes, we will assume that about the year A.D. 166, Con of the Hundred Battles (descended from Heremon) and Mogha Nuadhat (of the Heberian line) disputed the sovereignty of Ireland. After a long and indecisive struggle, they agreed to a partition of the island. From the intermarriage of their children sprang a warlike race, of which one, known as Niall of the Nine

Hostages, succeeded to the sovereignty of the whole island in the year A.D. 378. It is to this prince that Claudian is supposed to allude in his panegyric on the first consulship of Stilicho (v. 251). From Niall of the Nine Hostages sprang the two great branches of the Northern and Southern Hy-Nialls, who occupied the throne from A.D. 458 to A.D. 1002, a period of nearly six centuries, when Mael-seachlain Mor, the last of the Southern Hy-Niall princes, was deposed by Brian Boroihme, or Boru; and from this period commences the history of that race.

The history of the O'Brien family is essentially that of Ireland. From the battle of Clontarf, when the power of the Danes was at once and for ever overturned, down to the legislative union of the two kingdoms in 1801, they have always been distinguished as kings, warriors, or statesmen. Pre-eminent amongst them all is the founder of the family himself, Brian Boroihme, or Brian of the Tributes, the conqueror of Clontarf. Succeeding to the throne of Thomond, upon the assassination of his brother Mahon, in the year A.D. 974, his active ambition knew no rest, until, by the deposition of Maelseachlain, he was acknowledged supreme monarch of Ireland. The remaining twelve years of his life he spent in consolidating his own power, reducing to submission the refractory princes of the northern half of the kingdom, and effecting the expulsion of the Danes. He was slain in the battle of Clontarf; and the circumstances attending his death are so interesting that we wonder Mr. O'Donoghue did not include them in his account of that memorable engagement, instead of leaving them in the notes at the end of the volume, where they will perhaps be read by hardly one reader in ten.

By some enthusiastic admirers, and in this number we must reckon Mr. O'Donoghue, Keating, and others, Brian Boroihme has been compared with our own Alfred. We need hardly say that we are not quite prepared to carry our commendation so far as this. Alfred united in his own person the varied perfections and characteristics of the prince, the warrior, the legislator, and the philanthropist. Had not the admiration of mankind accorded him the title of Great, he would have received from their love and veneration that of Saint. Even Voltaire, for whom the modern doctrine of hero-worship had but few attractions, considered him as fully deserving his high appellation. To quote the words of Sir James Mackintosh, he was "a reformer as zealous as Dunstan; a Christian as pious as the Confessor; a ruler as sagacious and vigorous as Canute." When we reflect that it is to Alfred that we are indebted for all those institutions which we prize most highly—our universities, our juries, our laws, and our navy—we may well hesitate before we admit the claims of another to enter the lists with him. As able and successful warriors, and, in some degree, as administrators, a comparison may be instituted between them. Brian fought in fifty battles, though out of this number, thirty are by some of the chroniclers considered as merely skirmishes. He was also a musician and a patron of the clergy; two qualities not to be lightly estimated in that age of barbarism and violence. To Brian, moreover, our author attributes the introduction into general use, if not the actual invention, of surnames. A curious confirmation of this surmise is to be found in the circumstance that in the reign of Elizabeth, amongst other privileges claimed by Conor, Earl of Thomond, was that of nominating a successor upon the death of every chief, and the right of making surnames, on the ground of its having

been "exercised from time immemorial by his ancestors, kings of that territory." It is impossible for us to form a very exalted notion of his patriotism, when we remember that in his first invasion of Tara he did not scruple to avail himself of the services of a large body of Danish auxiliaries; thus, by his own example, sanctioning the worst form of treason—that, namely, of entering into an alliance with foreigners for the subversion of the institutions of his country, and for the promotion of his own personal aggrandisement. Mr. O'Donoghue tells us (p. 36) that "to facilitate the advance of troops, no less than for the purposes of commerce, the building of bridges, and the construction of the public highways, occupied Brian's attention;" but, unless there is some other authority for this statement beside the Bruodin chronicle "Boroihme baile na righ," written by the MacBruodins—the hereditary historians (and, we may add, panegyrist) of the house of O'Brien—we must be permitted to withhold our belief in this fact, as there is no mention whatever of such circumstances in the annals of the period. Passing over the long and disastrous reign of Brian's son Donogh, who, compelled at length to resign his crown, passed the remainder of his days in monastic seclusion, and Torlogh O'Brien, the grandson; we come to Mortoghmore, the great-grandson of Boroihme. Here we cannot do better than quote our author's own words:—

"The character of this prince ranks high, not only among the chroniclers of his own nation and time, but also among contemporary writers in England. Malmesbury says that he was held in such respect by the English monarch, Henry the First, that that prince frequently availed himself of the wisdom and advice of Mortogh. Nor were his talents in war less conspicuous than the wisdoms of his counsel. His reign appears, until his powers were subdued by disease, as one career of persevering energy unweakened by defeat, and only stimulated by reverses to still greater efforts. He may be regarded as the last of the O'Briens who filled the throne of Ireland; and by the vigour of his mind, and the renown of his achievements, he earned the not-unmerited title of More."

From this period to the reign of Henry the Eighth, we trace the falling fortunes of the family in all the subsequent battles; in the slaughter of Moimcor, A.D. 1151, where Torlogh O'Brien lost seven thousand of his warriors on the battle-field; in the no less fatal battle of Athenry in A.D. 1316; and at Knoctow, where the English rule, which had hitherto been constantly on the decline, was finally and firmly re-established. But the power of these chieftains was daily becoming more and more circumscribed, until, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, Conor was prevailed upon, through the solicitations of that politic monarch, to accept an English title: from this time they are included in the ranks of the nobility.

In this brief sketch we have done little more than indicate the course followed out with such ability by Mr. O'Donoghue in this, the first or mediæval portion of his work, extending from the year A.D. 167 to A.D. 1603. In the second or modern part, terminating with the extinction of Irish legislative independence, and the union of the two kingdoms in 1801, the more familiar characters of the Earl of Inchiquin, the Viscounts of Clare, and Sir Lucius O'Brien, appear on the stage. To the general reader, by far the most interesting portion of the book will be found to be that which relates to the Viscounts Clare and their Irish followers, who, after the capitulation of Limerick in 1691, emigrated to the Continent and took arms under the different European princes.

\* *Historical Memoir of the O'Briens: With Notes, Appendix, and a Genealogical Table of their several Branches. Compiled from the Irish Annals. By John O'Donoghue, A.M., Barrister-at-Law. (Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.)*



We trust that we shall not be considered as under-estimating the value of Mr. O'Donoghue's historical labours, when we say that his work in all probability would not have made its appearance, had it not been for the recent republication of the *Annals of the Four Masters*. That splendid and elaborate work, in the composition and translation of which half a century has been spent, has lately been presented to the public in a form worthy of it, by Messrs. Hodges and Smith, of Dublin. In this quarry are to be found the materials for a new and complete history of Ireland; and we look upon the present work as a fair specimen of what may be achieved by the conscientious study of these *Annals*. In the execution of his task, Mr. O'Donoghue has displayed no inconsiderable amount of patience and research, as the genealogical tables at the end of the volume will testify. His style is easy and fluent, occasionally rising to eloquence, as in his allusion to the Irish brigade (pp. 273, 274); though, even with these merits, we fear the work is of too special a character to meet with any very extended circulation.

But no memoir of this remarkable race can be considered as complete which does not contain some allusion, at least, to that amiable and accomplished member of it, the late Augustus Stafford O'Brien, whose premature decease, just as he was entering upon a most promising career of statesmanship, was deplored as an almost public calamity. When we think of him, the urbane gentleman, the elegant scholar, the eloquent senator, voluntarily leaving a luxurious home and a refined society, to spend his hours in the squalor and the horrors of a hospital—soothing the last hours of the dying soldier, carefully transmitting his last words to the lonely mourner at home—we feel that in that race the heroic element is still predominant, and that Brian Boroihme himself, the conqueror of Clontarf, would have proudly recognised Augustus Stafford as a scion worthy of himself and his princely race.

#### THE LATE SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.\*

In our second notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition of the present year, we alluded to the predecessor of Sir Charles Eastlake—Sir Martin Archer Shee—whose *Life* by his son, just published, is now before us. This *Life* embraces the history of art in England from 1769 to the present period, and contains a large amount of interesting matter, especially that which relates to the political annals of the Royal Academy. It traces the details of the great struggle maintained by that body, in defence of their character and rights, against the continued assaults to which they were exposed in the time of the late king, and during the earlier years of the present reign. Still, we consider that the work might have been confined to a single volume—a very large portion of the two, containing anecdotes and gossip, being more likely to prove amusing in the private circle of the painter, than to the general reading public. Sir Martin Archer Shee was a clever, highly-educated, well-bred man; a very fair painter, but by no means a great one. The name of Thomas Lawrence was, and will be, ever known; the name of Shee is in the recollection only of a comparative few. There are, doubtless, many galleries possessing some work of the latter artist, and many private personages who are proud of a family portrait by that master. But where

are the engravings which record his fame? The present generation are well acquainted with those from Sir Thomas Lawrence—how few are those which record the fame of Shee! His ability was probably more than of an average amount, and his insatiable love of reading, and the varied range of his studies, strengthened the capability of his pencil, which did not, however, attain the power and force of his predecessor. Had it done so, his enthusiastic and most filial biographer, with whose affection we find no fault, would never have thought it inexpedient "to attempt any critical analysis of his merits, or any systematic description of his labours or peculiar attributes as a painter." It might have been better if he had done so, and have shown less exaggeration in his estimate of his parent as a poet, a prose writer, and a satirist. We shall have occasion by and by to touch on these points. The place and period of a clever man's birth is generally an object of interest, and though the readers of Sir Martin's *Life* may be pleased to know that he was born in Dublin, on the 20th of December, 1769, they will care little to be informed of his descent from "a family ranked by the heralds and genealogists of Ireland among the few houses tracing their origin, with reasonable authenticity, from the ancient princes, or chieftains exercising sovereign sway, in far more remote times, over portions of the sister country." Here is a flourish of trumpets to bring a man of mark amongst us! Garter or Ulster could have done nothing better for him. The author goes on to make apology for the commercial pursuits of his grandfather, by stating that "every avenue to distinction—political, social, or professional—was closed against the ambition of a large body of men, full of ancestral pride, and often calculated to shed lustre on their name and country." A calamity of a very different but real character greatly decreased the income of Sir Martin's father. In one day he was deprived of sight, and this disqualification for effective duties compelled him to seek comparative retirement. Painful as this must have been to the parent, it led eventually to the prosperity of the son, "whose education and moral training became the engrossing occupation of the blind father." Young Shee showed early symptoms of mental energy, and from the first moment he had mastered the art of reading, he became "a very devourer of books." His sightless father had "furnished up" his "old Latin," which "had long been rusting," and in a very short time young Martin "had mastered the formidable asperities of Lilly's grammar, and, without the stimulating influence of birch or bamboo, fought his way manfully through all the intermediate bugbears of elementary study, to the bright and graceful pages of the *Æneid*." This early taste for classical literature formed the ground-work of his future knowledge, and enriched his mind with those stores of information which eventually rendered him the most fit member to preside over his academical brethren. The first indication of his love for art was afforded when he was about six years of age. At his father's residence at Cookstown there was a large fire-place, the sides of which were decorated with Dutch tiles, illustrative of passages from Scripture. Some of these subjects he transferred to paper with the handle of a pewter spoon, though his biographer says he does not make the assertion "with any robust faith in its historical accuracy." It is unnecessary for us to relate the other anecdotes of his boyhood, so we will at once take him to Mr. Robert Lucius West's drawing academy. Mr. West thought most favourably of his pupil's talent, declaring, "Were he my own

son, no consideration should induce me to thwart him in his wish to enter on a career in which he cannot fail to distinguish himself." The father did not live to see even the earliest steps of his son's progress, being taken off a few days before the boy had attained his fourteenth year. His father having suffered from further pecuniary losses, his income was reduced to a very slender condition, and thus young Shee was left to struggle with the world, aided only by the education which had been afforded him. He was at first placed under the guardianship of an aunt and uncle, both of whom held him in the highest regard. Mrs. Dillon's partiality increased daily, giving rise unfortunately to some jealousy on the part of her husband, who one night gave his better half a kind of Caudle lecture on the subject. The youth heard the angry encounter while lying in his bed in an adjoining room, and listening in breathless anxiety, at hearing his name frequently mentioned, he discovered that he was the cause of the quarrel. He dressed himself, stole quietly downstairs, and left the house with a determination never to enter it again. He was now fairly thrown on the wide world, young and without money. It is out of the question following the author in his educational theorisings, indulged in mainly to prove his own love of classical lore, and spin out his pages for book-making purposes and effect. Suffice it for us to say, that young Shee continued his art-labours; that he evinced great taste for dramatic literature; that he assisted in a scenic amateur performance of Rowe's tragedy of the "Fair Penitent," and that an accident happened which prevented him ever again playing the part of Lothario, either on or off any stage. He probably thought that London was more favoured with gold than Dublin, so he left the Emerald Isle, and arrived in the metropolis in June, 1788. His visit to Barry is described in his own words:—"I have seen Mr. Barry, and shall give you an account of my reception. Having discovered his place of residence, which is in Sherrard Street, I went there, and was informed by an inhabitant of the lower part, which is a shop, that Mr. Barry was at home. I went upstairs, tapped at the door, and was desired to walk in, when the odd appearance of the person and the chamber not a little surprised me. 'Mr. Barry, sir, I presume.' 'Yes, sir.' I then presented my credentials, and was desired to be seated. Take notice, all this passed without his once stirring from his seat." He read the letter. This gave Shee an opportunity of observing the painter's studio, very like that of other painters; and the person of the painter himself, very similar to many of the craft—ordinary, slovenly, smoky, and unshorn. Genius is too often allied with uncleanness. A little conversation took place; a promise of admission to the Royal Academy was given on the production of a drawing, but he was not asked to call again. This was the cold reception young Shee met with from the man who, when he offered to cover the walls of the Society of Arts, had but sixteen shillings in his pocket, and worked at odd jobs for the booksellers by night to procure the sustenance necessary to carry on the work of the day. A very different character was the courteous president, Sir Joshua, who was ever ready to encourage genius, and by kind feeling and assistance smooth the rugged path to fame. The interview with Sir Joshua Reynolds was therefore more satisfactory than that with Barry. His introduction to Pope, the actor, gave him great opportunities of exercising his pencil on the features of dramatic celebrities, whose portraits

\* *The Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy.* By his Son, Martin Archer Shee. (Longman, London.)

were among the earliest which brought him into notice in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. Some amusing anecdotes are given of Pope's peculiarities, especially one referring to a dinner in Cavendish Square.

In the spring of 1790 Mr. Shee accompanied his cousin, Sir George, about whom the author dilates in a verbose and inflated manner, to Mr. Burke's residence in Gerrard Street, Soho. Of course a great deal is said and made of that reception, which was most friendly, "and such as would have fully satisfied the claims of that relationship which, by the liberal application of some very conventional canons of descent, the great orator was willing to recognise in his case." Sir Martin says, "Never shall I forget the flood of eloquence which poured from his lips, as, while holding my hand and pressing it with affectionate cordiality, he expatiated in glowing terms on the claims and glories of the art to which I was about to devote myself." These introductions, dependent on influence as much as merit, did a great deal for the aspiring youth. A day was appointed for Mr. Shee to proceed, under the auspices and escort of Burke, to wait upon the President of the Academy, when he was introduced by the statesman to Sir Joshua as "a little relation of his own." The President's politeness was doubtless more full-blown than even that exhibited towards the young painter on his previous visit. His demeanour towards Mr. Burke's protégé was cordial, if not indeed respectful; an invitation to breakfast was the result. The meal was successful—Mr. Shee became a student of the Royal Academy in November, 1790. Some pages are given to the artist's political tendencies, and we get again inflicted with another dose of the Shee pedigree. A pleasant account is given of Shee's introduction to young Porter. Although the student was regular in his attendance at the Academy, he always found that his drawing materials were ready before his arrival. He was at a loss to understand the cause; but on making inquiry as to whom he was indebted for this mark of attention, he was told "It is young Porter," his informant pointing out a very intelligent-looking and gentlemanly lad of thirteen years of age. This discovery naturally led to an acquaintance with the young student, "who lived to attain great and varied distinction in the course of an honourable and adventurous career as a painter, an author, a soldier, and a diplomatist, under the well-known name of Sir Robert Ker Porter," brother of Jane, authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and Anna Maria, her equally-gifted sister. In describing the younger sister, Sir Martin said—"Never did I see any living face, the outline and expression of which bore so strong a resemblance to the Venus de Medici."

In 1791 the Duke of Orleans (Philippe Egalité) incurred the displeasure of the French Court, and deemed it prudent to absent himself from Paris. He was accompanied by his private secretary, Colonel Shee—we shall not give his ancestral fame—who became acquainted with his relation, and acted as his *cicerone*. As the political events that shortly ensued put an end to all friendly intercourse between the two countries, Mr. Shee lost sight of his relative, "and it was only eighteen or twenty years later that he was apprised of his identity with Napoleon's celebrated but not very popular war minister, the Duke de Feltré." In 1792 Sir Joshua Reynolds died; Mr. Shee was one of the four students chosen to form part of the academic *cortège* which followed the illustrious President to his last resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral. Burke wept over the grave. We

next find Mr. Shee in connection with Sir Anthony Carlisle, professor of anatomy in the schools of the Royal Academy, who, in spite of the laudations passed upon him, was at best a respectable, mediocre, twaddling old gentleman. In 1795 Mr. Shee's works called forth some praise, and this combined with aristocratic influence procured him several commissions. He was enabled to take a house in Golden Square, then a little Belgravia in its way, and was married in 1796 to Miss Power, of Youghal. She was everything that was beautiful and intellectual, and belonged, as the author does not forget to tell us, to an ancient family—the Powers of Waterford. Family details and professional prospects are enlarged upon, and some pleasant anecdotes of the aristocracy interspersed; among them one of the Marchioness of Buckingham, who in her zeal for chapel building, patronised Mr. Shee by asking him to paint an altar-piece, and present it as a gift. He courteously declined, for, as his son very properly observes, it was very like "the conduct of a well-known economical dowager, who, when seated next to Sydney Smith at a charity sermon, was so greatly moved by its persuasive eloquence, that she borrowed a sovereign from him to put into the plate." Mr. Barry's expulsion from the Royal Academy took place in 1799; and early in the following year Mr. Shee was chosen to fill the vacancy.

The quarrel between the new-made R.A. and Noel Desenfans takes up some pages; the visit to Paris, with Rogers, the poet, as a travelling companion, is then given, and Mr. Shee's impressions of the French capital fully conveyed by his journal. He was fortunate enough to meet there many of his brother academicians, including West, the president, Fuseli, Hoppner, Farington, Cosway, Turner, and others.

"Among the eminent persons to whom he was introduced by letter, on the occasion of this visit to Paris, were the Comte de Lasteyrie, whose salons were at that period the favourite resort of all that was most distinguished in art, science, and literature,—and Monsieur Méricée, a member of the Institute, and a painter of considerable reputation, whose claims to the notice of posterity are enhanced by the fact of being the father of Prosper Méricée. To the amiable and seasonable attention of M. Méricée, père, Mr. Shee, as will be seen, was indebted for one of the most gratifying occurrences connected with his visit, viz.—the opportunity of seeing and closely observing the First Consul, during a protracted ceremonial, and in a position which afforded unusual facilities for judging not only of his personal appearance and demeanour, but of his acuteness and practical knowledge in matters of some importance to the commercial and industrial interests of nations subject to his sway."

In a long letter written to his aunt, already mentioned, Mrs. Dillon, Mr. Shee says—"The plunder of the world has enriched Paris with treasures of art beyond number, and above praise. In short, Italy is now in Paris. Politically speaking, there is about as much freedom in France as in Algiers. The word of the great little man is law and gospel—

"His smile is fortune, and his frown is fate."

In 1803 he exhibited three whole-length portraits, one half-length, and two heads—those of Lord Moira and General Tonyn being most favourable specimens of art. The accuracy of General Tonyn's likeness attracted the attention of the Prince Regent at the private view. Most persons can judge of a likeness, and "the first gentleman in Europe" was no exception to the general rule. How far he could detect the merits of execution and design, is a question. In this case, however, he picked out a real work of art, and awarded his royal praise accordingly. Mr. Shee was greatly

pleased at the personal compliment offered in a few minutes' conversation, and never failed afterwards to speak of "the peculiar grace and charm of manner" of his august laudator. Sir Martin's son shares his father's rhapsody of admiration. In the same year the volunteer movement was at its height—so much so, that the authorities at the Home Office politely declined the services of a body of artists, who had been stimulated to martial glory by Mr. Shee. At the first interview with the minister, they imagined that their proffered services would be accepted, and the committee "retired from the interview in high spirits, believing that their patriotic design was on the eve of being carried into effect. Each returned home to meditate on strategical and regimental details, bent on combining the practical and the picturesque, in the cut and colour of a coatee, the form of a shako, and the judicious arrangement of sash, cross-belt, and sword-knot." The disappointing communication damped their ardour; but Mr. Shee, determined on glory, enlisted in the Bloomsbury corps, chiefly composed of lawyers, and rejoicing in the *subriquet* of "The Devil's Own."

Nearly a whole chapter is made up of the rise and fall of the Alfred Club, which four years ago dissolved, and merged into the Oriental: an amalgamation of art, literature, and science with bilious unintellectual irritation.

We next find the painter in the society of Moore, Byron, Lord Holland, the elder Disraeli, and Anastasius Hope. In fact, there were few worthies who are not recorded as the artist's friends. The commemoration of Sir Joshua Reynolds took place in 1814, and in 1820 the president West died, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, who had previously been knighted, and whose popularity was notorious, succeeded to the vacant post. His portraits of Pope Pius VII., the Emperor Francis II., the Archduke Charles of Austria, Cardinal Gonsalvi, Blucher, and Prince Metternich, "had arrested the attention of the lover of art and the enlightened critic, by the sterling merits of composition, execution, and effect;" and there was but one opinion as to his superior claims to the presidency of the Academy. In 1830 the world was grieved and startled at the announcement of his death. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, the honours of a public funeral having been awarded to him.

"Who is to be the next president?" was a question asked by all who had any interest or curiosity in matters of art, but it was tolerably well known that the choice would be between Wilkie and Shee.

We are told that Mr. Shee made no attempt to influence his brother members, and have every reason to credit the assertion, as he was a man of undoubtedly high views, and most unlikely to resort to any mean or underhand effort to gain the object of his ambition. In fact it was this character, together with his educational powers, which insured the votes in his favour, for there could be no doubt whatever of the professional pre-eminence of Wilkie—an artistic comparison between the one and the other being entirely out of the question. Let us quote the author's own words upon the matter:—"But to those best acquainted with the requirements of an office involving duties and responsibilities, on the judicious exercise of which the Academy depended in great measure for the maintenance of its social and official position in the eyes of the public, it was evident that the personal and intellectual qualifications of Mr. Shee were of a character to turn the scale in his favour with such of the electors as had the interest of the institution most seri-



ously at heart. If his exclusively professional claims could not be said to give him a decided superiority over the many eminent artists who at that time graced the ranks of the Academy, it was generally felt that there was no one among them so well fitted for the more important official functions connected with the office of president."

During the three weeks which elapsed between the death of Lawrence and the election of his successor, Chantrey called on Shee, the object of his visit being to propose a total change in the appointment of president, the office to be held annually by each member in rotation. We need scarcely say that Mr. Shee did not agree in the expediency of the proposition. Shee was elected president, and Wilkie appointed to the office of painter in ordinary to his Majesty, vacant by the death of Lawrence. A description of that convivial *spécialité*, the academy dinner, is given in glowing colours, and the onerous office of toast-giver (not master) is fully dilated on by the author:—

"The task of presiding at a ceremonial graced by the presence of all that was most exalted in rank, conspicuous in talent, and dignified in office, throughout the social and political world, was well calculated to tax the energies and nerves of the most accomplished and practical speaker."

Mr. Shee not being used to the set phrase of speech, was not marvellously eloquent, though he more than improved afterwards. This was at least the opinion of William the Fourth, who, on the first visit to the Academy after his accession, said to Lord Farnborough, who was taking upon himself the duty of introducing the new President to the notice of the King, "Oh, my Lord, that is unnecessary; I am very well acquainted with Mr. Shee, and have recently had the pleasure of introducing his name on two public occasions, when I heard him make two of the most eloquent speeches I have ever heard." Throughout the visit the King paid the President the most marked attention; and on taking leave said, "You will come to the levee to-morrow, when of course I shall knight you." The honour was duly conferred on the following day.

Several chapters of the second volume are made up of Royal Academy squabbles touching their vested rights; interviews with Ministers, letters to and from the same authorities, and Mr. Joseph Hume's attacks against the exclusiveness of the institution. The evidence of such men as Martin, Clint, Foggo and Haydon, before the parliamentary committee of inquiry, is put down to factious and jealous spleen. There is not, however, a shadow of doubt that the attacks from without have effected many salutary reforms within the Academy—though much room remains for further concessions and improvement. It would be unjust not to attribute the success of British art to the Royal Academy; its foundation gave consistency to the labours of artists, and it stimulated their endeavours by bringing them distinctly before the public eye. It is true that in 1711 a private academy for the study of art was instituted, the celebrated Godfrey Kneller acting as its president. Differences sprung up, and a separation of the members was the result; one of them, Sir James Thornhill, opening an academy of his own in the Piazza, Covent Garden. His son-in-law, Hogarth, suggested to the other society, which held its meetings in Greyhound Court, Strand, that a union should take place—hence the academy in St. Martin's Lane. Some twenty-five years later further schemes for raising art were proposed by Gwyn, one of the original members of the Royal Academy. This led to the

formation of a committee; many artists obeyed the call of co-operation, the Society of Arts offered the use of their room, and in April, 1760, the first public exhibition of the works of living artists took place in London. Reynolds, Wilson, Roubillac, Wilton, Woollett, and Strange were among the contributors. The public attended in crowds,—a larger room was required. The great room in Spring Gardens was hired, and eventually a charter of incorporation was obtained. Again discontent prevailed; internal quarrels ensued; some members were rejected; others resigned, and amongst the number Benjamin West, a special favourite of the King. A draft of a constitution and laws for a new society were drawn up and submitted to his Majesty, who perfectly approved of the project, and directed that the institution should be called the Royal Academy. Reynolds kept aloof till he heard of the King's wish that he should be the first president, which office he at once accepted, accompanied with the honour of knighthood. The first exhibition was held in December, 1768, at the auction-room in Pall-Mall; and in 1780 was transferred to Somerset House. It then stood alone as the only public exponent of British art. The incorporated society dwindled away; no new member joined its ranks, and its powerful rival has to this day continued its ascendancy. There is no present symptoms of decay—indeed its constitution appears unusually healthy; and if change of air, which is considered even more advantageous for its further vigour, should be afforded, there is every reason to believe that it will continue to flourish. Throughout Sir Martin Archer Shee's career as president he gained the good-will and esteem of all. Princes and peers alike paid compliment to the clever, courteous painter. Sir Robert Peel was his private friend. His death took place in December, 1849,—when he had completed his eightieth year. He died respected, but his end was by no means considered a national calamity, like that of Reynolds or Lawrence. Certain works, "Jephthah's Daughter," "Prospero and Miranda," and others, bear the stamp of mental culture and facility of execution, not unmarked also by a graceful tone of colouring; but in no way rank as brilliant specimens of high art. His portraits were in merit above those of many of his contemporaries; a few have been engraved, but have not, as we have already said, any wide-world celebrity. Thus much for him as a painter. What shall we say of him as a prose writer and poet? If we take his son's estimate, his poetry and prose "unite the merits of Pope and Young, of Johnson and Burke." His first production, in which, to use his own quotation from Young, when he first "dares ask public audience of mankind," was a small volume, published by William Miller, Albemarle Street—"Rhymes on Art, or the Remonstrance of a Painter," a satire on the "Vandalism of the day." It passed through three editions, but we have rarely seen or heard of it. The son writes of his father "as the fellow-countryman and fellow-poet" of Moore. This is the first time the general world has known of Moore's poetical companion. Within the walls of the Academy, where the President exercised so much beneficial influence, this work and others, including some dramatic efforts, are doubtless known, and have their being; and the volume possibly exists in the libraries of Sir Martin's friends and patrons. The biographer has given copious extracts, which will spare the book *virtually* a process in procuring the volume. We have simply to say in

conclusion, that Mr. Shee's "Life," putting aside its somewhat over-length, its adulation of the aristocracy, and its self-laudatory genealogical pomposity, contains much agreeable matter; and is full of interesting anecdotes relating to the fine art of the period, many for the first time transmitted to the world.

#### MIRIAM MAY.\*

BITTERNESS is of various kinds as well as various degrees. There is the mellow bitterness of the hop, there is the pungent bitterness of a Seville orange, there is the sour bitterness of quassia or of gentian; there is the bitterness of cynicism, of hatred, of disappointment; and there is perhaps a more reputable bitterness, having its root in a keen discrimination and intense disapproval of falsehood and wrongdoing. The volume before us is of this last description. Its acrimony is indeed acrimony, but it does not seem to spring from any selfish misanthropy or morbid disappointment. It is rather the overflowing of hot indignation against malignity under the cloak of religion, against hypocrisy under the cloak of charity. We confess we have scarcely ever come across a work containing so much concentrated invective, or such relentless tearing away of the veils which society allows to conceal insincerity and malice. The author, with a pardonable one-sidedness, sees scarcely any but the evil aspect of things. We say pardonable, because, when a writer has in view to call attention in a marked and uncommon degree to the vices of a system or a class, he will probably find that he can only bring them into strong relief, not indeed by an exaggeration of the evil, but still by dwelling lightly upon the good. We need a microscope which, by a concentrated light, makes the parts of an object clear and distinct. On this account we may forgive an author (always excepting the historian) for subduing one part of the picture and even heightening the colour of another; in short, for making vice his foreground, and putting virtue temporarily into the background. Provided he does not point to his delineation of wickedness, and require his readers to accept it as a full and complete account of the whole matter, we do not at all object to a vigorous description of the dark side of human nature, though we must say we do not consider it so exalted a branch of art or imagination as the portraying of the nobler and better features of manhood. A cynic is always more or less an object of suspicion. Diogenes, who was continually snarling and sneering at his neighbours, had a very dirty tub at home. However, we believe, from the tone of "Miriam May," that its author has been animated by no other motive than a desire to lash, with merited severity, religious hypocrisy, and to administer a deserved rebuke to uncharitableness and malice. As such, we consider its remarkable popularity a most healthy sign of the times—a popularity too which must infallibly tend to throw into confusion the class of persons whom its pages so fiercely denounce, and whose practices they so relentlessly expose.

The plot of the story is so simple as to be scarcely capable of analysis or epitome. The plot, however, is the least part of the book, and it is merely employed for the sake of making a more pointed and concrete attack. In fact, absence of plot seems to be becoming a fashion of the day. The greatest novels published within this last ten years, are remarkable for the fewness of their characters

\* *Miriam May: a Romance of Real Life.* Second Edition. (Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1860.)

and the simplicity of their incidents. A couple of people elaborately drawn, three or four more lightly sketched, constitute the *dramatis personæ*, and the very simplest possible combination of ordinary circumstances does for plot. For example, compare "The Mill on the Floss," with "Guy Mannering" or "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," and we perceive how striking is the difference in point of character and of incident. We believe the plotlessness, if we may be allowed the word, prevalent in the fictions of the present day, to be by no means a bad symptom. It not only allows but requires more care and art in the conception of the chief personages; it leaves more room for distinct portraiture, as well as for a deeper analysis of motive; and the moral or lesson of the book stands out more clearly and more forcibly. Modern novels are intensely and essentially subjective. Whether this tendency to pursue the analysis of action and the operation of motives will not probably reach a morbid extent, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, so long as it is kept to its present limits, it is likely to have a most beneficial result in two ways—first, it will teach people to weigh their own actions, and then, as a natural consequence, it will teach them to try their motives before acting.

Miriam May was born one wintry night on the flags outside the door of Glastonbury workhouse. Her mother had no ring on, neither was she able to produce one. She had been the daughter of a farmer of the neighbourhood, who at his death had left her in poverty. She had tried shirt-making, but as that ruined her health, and only furnished the small compensation of a diurnal ninepence, she left shirts for the stage. Here her success was great, till one night a stranger in the stage-box offered to marry her; and twelve months after that night she was found at the workhouse door. A benevolent surgeon, after having in vain tried to gain her admission into a lying-in hospital, got her into a family of the neighbourhood, whose second son, Arthur Trevor, had been born the same night as Miriam May, and who is the hero and writer of the story. Time passed on, and Arthur Trevor passed into the hands of a tutor. One day, unfortunately for the tutor, his youthful charge in an unlucky scuffle against authority, in which the authority was going to run a knife into the youngster, accidentally turned the knife into the tutorial eye, and blinded it for ever. Upon this the boy was tried, and was in a fair way for being convicted, when Miriam May came forward and told the real state of the case. This procured a release. Soon after this little episode, the father of Arthur Trevor died, and before the boy was eighteen his mother followed. Just before the latter event happened, however, a certain interested Mrs. Stoolman prevailed on the dying woman to make a will, in which the son was made a minor till five-and-twenty, and Mrs. Stoolman was made supreme. This will would have been a serious annoyance to Arthur, but fortunately he escaped its odious provisions, by Miriam May again stepping in, and burning the objectionable document. The first three years after his mother's death were passed at Oxford; and here let us tender our most sincere thanks to the author for sparing us all the details of university life. That theme is intensely hack-nied, yet it is astonishing how few writers can resist the temptation of going over the old ground of wines, suppers, examinations, and so on, whenever a possible opportunity offers. We are told nothing whatever about what Arthur Trevor did when at Oxford. On taking his degree, he became ambitious to enter

Parliament as member for Glastonbury, but he scarcely polled a dozen votes, and so was rejected in favour of Lord Diskount, a worthless and vicious young nobleman. After this, clearly seeing that St. Stephen's was not practicable for him, he determined to enter the church, and was ordained curate to the Hon. and Rev. Calvin Slie. At this point he discovers Miriam May and her mother almost dead from starvation. After the breaking up of his father's household, they had tried to make a living by dressmaking, but long credit and excessive toil had reduced them both to beggary and hunger. They are at once rescued from their distress, and placed in a position of comfort. Shortly after, Arthur Trevor and Miriam May are about to marry, in spite of the obscurity which hangs over the birth of the latter. Just before the marriage ceremony takes place, a stranger makes his appearance, and proves to be Miriam's father. The absence of the ring is explained, and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

It is only after having completed the story that we understand how little the real significance of the book can be comprehended from the mere narrative. The true spirit of the author comes out in what ought to be the minor characters. There are few persons mentioned who are not severely scourged for some iniquity, real or fancied. Arthur's tutor, Mr. Wray, a Nonconformist, by the way—is a great religious professor, an excellent pray-er, and a most consummate scoundrel, who ends by discounting bills in Leicester Square. The tutorial counsel at the trial, Mr. Fife, Q.C., is the very model of legal humbugs. The Hon. and Rev. Calvin Slie is a Low-churchman, and a courtly hypocrite: he is eventually made Bishop of St. Ambrose, nominally by Viscount Fripon, really by Lord Kantwell, both of whom are easily recognised. All the friends of Arthur Trevor's parents seem to be selfish and scheming. Lord Diskount is the very worst specimen of the very worst class of noblemen: he is a spendthrift and a rake. The other candidate at the election is a low and self-seeking vulgarian. Lady Foxmore, the worst of Miriam's debtors, is heartless, and, worse than heartless, is dishonest. But all the writer's gall is concentrated on Mrs. Dubbelfaise, a lady of great religious profession, and entirely irreligious practice. The president of a charitable society, with the strange cognomen of the "Faith without Works Society," she loses no opportunity of blackening character, of wounding her neighbours' feelings, and generally of doing all the evil that lies in her power, in the name of charity.

In conclusion, we consider this novel very remarkable both for the keen way in which it sees through hypocrisy and roguery, and for the vigorous force with which it chastises impostors. Though perhaps occasionally a little too bitter in its tone, it is still a faithful exposure of evil; as such we welcome it. But we welcome it still more as a book which promises something better. The strong feeling and the strong language will, we are confident, at some future time produce a higher fiction than "Miriam May." We may be wrong, but we cannot help thinking that there is something autobiographical about these pages. We have also another suspicion, namely, that the author has not yet arrived at that age when a man is either a fool or a physician. Acting on this belief, we venture to give him a little advice, chiefly negative. He must pay more attention to the structure of sentences, and above all things avoid that great vice of inverted order—*e. g.*, such expressions as "When by her coffin's side I stood," "Cer-

tain things had Miriam and her mother to pawn," "Society I might outrage." Neither, again, do we like such phrases as "It was *me*," nor the constant repetition of expressions like "a great calm," "a great joy," "a great sorrow," "a great cry." In fact, the author would do well to avoid for the future all that high-flown language, which, though very well in the "Idylls of the King," is out of place in a matter-of-fact novel. If he will pay attention to these trifling matters, we venture to predict that his present popularity will be increased tenfold.

### HARBOURS OF REFUGE.\*

THIS subject is an old and yet a new one—old in debate, but still new in interest; and we are, therefore, glad of the opportunity afforded us by the re-issue of Mr. Glover's pamphlet to bring it once more before the public. The importance of harbours of refuge cannot be over-rated.

It has been said by high authority, and quoted by Mr. Calver, R.N., admiral surveyor, that "the British coast is the disgrace of the British nation, and the grave of the British seaman." The annual loss of property, as appears by the report of the Harbour Refuge Commissioners, issued in March, 1859, "from casualties on our coast, has been estimated at £1,500,000 sterling. In one year alone no fewer than one thousand five hundred and forty-nine persons perished from these causes alone." And what has been done to remedy the evil? We have, or have had, harbours of refuge commissions, and tidal harbours commissions, and committees on harbours, and royal commissions, and roving commissions, to carry out the views of committees of the House, and discussions at engineer institutes, and what not, all about harbours. There has been endless talk, and yet the thing is apparently as far off, and the wrecking as hopelessly irremediable, as ever.

Fourteen years ago the matter was committed to a grand Harbour of Refuge Commission; and they, for all practical purposes, have committed it to the Slough of Despond. True, they have propounded vast schemes, and expended vast sums; and millions have been wasted instead of thousands used, and years consumed in meeting the wants of to-day. Still wrecks go on, and lives are lost, and property is destroyed, and nobody profits, save here and there an engineer or contractor, and the immediate vicinity where the job is perpetrated. We venture to assert, on the evidence before us, that, all things taken into consideration, *there is not one successful artificial pier harbour in the empire.* It is possible that Kingstown and Holyhead may be added to contravene this assertion. An inspection of the charts will show that the days of Kingstown are pretty well numbered; and at Holyhead, in the Refuge Harbour, it was ascertained at a late examination by Mr. Calver, that notwithstanding it is generally the receptacle of clear water, fifteen to eighteen inches of deposit have already formed in the deeper portions of it.

Yet these, with the addition of an impassable bar at low water, constitute the staple of our harbours, too often "ship decoys," on the coast of England. And why is this? As a general principle, it will be seen by a glance at Mr. Glover's pamphlet on "Harbours of Refuge,"

\* *Harbours of Refuge: A Reprint in part of a Pamphlet dated 1846, with some Original Papers on Matters of Interest.* By Frederick R. A. Glover, M.A. (London: Edward Stanford, Charing Cross.)



from which we quote largely, that our "eminent engineers," and our commissioners, led or misled by them, "are endeavouring to fight against nature, instead of working with her;" and thus time or money, or both—to say nothing of men's lives in the meanwhile—are uselessly sacrificed.

To commence, by way of example, with Dover Harbour of Refuge, who has not heard of it? It has cost already four hundred thousand pounds; about a million had been previously spent upon the ordinary harbour for scouring works, &c., against the concurrent opinion of all the nautical men; while even now scarcely a packet can show itself at dead low-water, or land its passengers at all if the wind be direct on shore. The cost was originally estimated at about £2,500,000. Now one-fourteenth of this work, or 300 yards, the easiest portion, only has been done during a space of 12 years, in eight more they are to have completed 600, while the whole plan is to cover a length of 3,300 yards: that is, they will have done less than a fifth of the work in 20 years, so that the whole will require at least 100 years to complete. Then as to cost: the present contract is for 1,000 ft. lineal, at £415 per foot, *irrespective of contingencies*; and if it cost £415 a foot, *irrespective of contingencies*, close in-shore, with railroad appliances and land carriage available, and in water not beyond five fathoms deep, what will it take to do the whole work, of which the greater part will be in seven fathoms at low water? Add to this the interest of money over 100 years, together with contingencies, and the amount may reach 20, 40, or even 80 millions, if the work be persisted in; and yet all this was plainly pointed out by Mr. Glover in his pamphlet of 1846, for which he was laughed at or handsomely abused; but the commission had predetermined that nothing less than perpendicular stone wall should be used, and the eminent engineers saw no engineering difficulties. The fact is they are working against nature—they are building solid walls on an uncertain foundation.

Mr. Glover told them—"You talk of building cemented masonry out in the great deep on a soft bottom, and you can't do it at all, or if you do it by mere obstinacy of will, you will do it to a wreck; it will certainly cost you £10,000,000, possibly £20,000,000, and you will be 20 years in doing it." He seems to have spoken within the mark. In another part of his pamphlet, reprinted with the present, he said—"All the proposals to build solid hard masonry in masses are made on the surmise that the bottom of Dover Bay is chalk rock, whereas it is in reality not at all so, but *chalk clob*, and what is below that nobody can tell; for there has as yet, that I have ever heard of or seen, been no effort made to probe the bottom. The only experiments which have been made in searching the substratum of the bay are those of Captain Washington with his anchor (p. 26 Harbour Commissioners' Report), when six out of eight experiments proved that the ground was variously chalky clay, chalk, and soft chalk. This being the case, as there is no knowing to any certainty to what depth the clob goes, at what point the hard chalk begins, or to what degree that rock angulates, and that, if it does so at all, and any work of solid, compacted form be placed upon it, there will be a settlement of work from all such places. And, as every one fissure causes, sensibly or insensibly, two others, every settlement is a cause of the division of the work into fragmental masses."

And how far has this prognostication of the soft bottom, even at the commencement, been

realised? Let us learn from the engineer himself:—

"23, Great George Street, April 4, 1855.

"Sir,—The progress of the works has been much delayed by the weather, and also from the chalk foundation not proving so good as in the portion near the shore, as stated in our special report to you, dated 29th of January last."

Again,

"July 2, 1855.

"The surface of the chalk being still of inferior quality, it has been necessary to sink the masonry a considerable depth into it to obtain a good foundation."

Again,

"October 10, 1855.

"The foundation courses have been extended 920 feet from the commencement of the pier, being an advance of 28 feet during the past quarter; the progress of this portion of the arch has been retarded from the necessity of removing a large quantity of soft material before the foundation could be laid. We are, &c., WALKER, BURGESS, & Co. To the Secretary of the Admiralty."

How they have fared since, or will fare hereafter, it is impossible to say.

The following conversation between the author and a railroad supervisor at Dover on the subject, is amusing enough, were it not for the interests involved:—

"What do you think of the bottom on which they are going to build their solid wall?"

"Oh, it is good bottom, sir."

"Good? Suppose they meet some queer place in it as you found in the Shakspeare Tunnel?"

"Oh, sir, that's only a matter of expense; they must dig it out, that's all."

Dig it out under six fathoms of water!

"Ah! but supposing they should chance upon some such soft place as Sir Christopher Wren found, when, in sinking for a foundation for the tower of St. Paul's, he had to dig down some 300 feet until he came to Paris slab?"

"Well, sir, they must go into it, that's all!"

Go into it! What?—men, or money, or breakwater, or commissioners? A pretty go into it they have made already. Thus public affairs are managed, public safety jeopardised, and public money squandered.

The remedy propounded for this is at all events reasonable, and probably would be found practicable in detail. It is, however, with the principles only that we are concerned. While rock bottom and gravel may have solid masonry, or solid concrete, as its superstructure, a soft bottom should, by studying nature, have a mass placed upon it such as will sink into the cavities formed by the squeezing down or oozing out of the substratum on which the mass is bedded, and which, in the superincumbent mass, may re-adapt itself, in renewed form, to its fresh position. This arrangement Mr. Glover professes to be able to accomplish in a very cheap manner; but then he is not a C.E. or an M.P. or a commissioner, only a Cambridge mathematician, an observer of natural causes and effects, and can scarcely complain if he receives similar treatment to that of George Stephenson about Chat Moss, by interested engineers or bungling commissioners.

But the country has a right to complain, and to demand a full and searching investigation into affairs of such vital importance.

It is not our intention to enter into the details or merits of the plan by which Mr. Glover proposes to effect this at an exceedingly small outlay both of money and time—whereby ten efficient harbours of refuge might be built instead of one.

What we are anxious to do is to call public attention to the extravagant waste and egregious failures, under the guidance of "eminent engineers," that have long been going on; and

to insist upon the necessity of trying to work upon principles very different from those hitherto adopted.

#### PHILOLOGY.\*

DR. LATHAM has republished a number of essays on ethnography and philology, subjects in which he has acquired considerable reputation. Such a work is not addressed to ordinary readers, but to special students, by whom, we have no doubt, it will be appreciated. Dr. Latham is not a writer to give a charm to a dry theme, but a most industrious and painstaking labourer in pursuits which bear a practical value in the hands of the geographer or the historian. As he explains in one of his papers, a knowledge of languages is distinct from a knowledge of language, and the latter is necessary to an enlarged comprehension of the migrations and progress of the human race. The papers in the present volume range over a wide area—logic, grammar, metre, chronology, geography, and ethnology. All furnish themes for short essays, which extend back to ancient times, and descend to a consideration of the languages of various savage tribes. The paper of most general interest is that "On the Study of Language," from which we extract a few sentences, containing a clear exposition of modern views, which would form a good subject for an elaborate treatise. We admit the facts; but we want to know *why* the changes take place, and how modifications in speculative opinion, or political and social institutions, are connected with the passage of a language through its various phases. At first sight, it would appear strange that languages should lose what might be taken for their perfection, as civilisation proceeds beyond a certain point, and their third stage which Dr. Latham mentions passes away; but, upon reflection, we see that languages part with their individual complications in proportion as intercourse upon equal terms takes place between nations speaking different tongues. The civilisation of the Greeks, although not entirely original, was local, and their language reached its complete development while other people were spoken of as "barbarians," and held in little intellectual account. The Romans got their ideas second-hand from the Greeks, and their language lost its complexity when, through the falling to pieces of their empire, it had to serve the wants of people under a variety of conditions that needed simplicity. Dr. Latham's simile of cell-growth is not quite correct, if he includes the last stage, which is no longer the development of the original tongue, but its decomposition and the reconstruction of its essential elements with new matter, and in new forms. The passage we have alluded to runs as follows:—

"Language must be dealt with as a *growth*. In the first stage of speech, there are no inflections at all, separate words serving instead of them—just as if, instead of saying *fathers*, we said *father many*, or *father father*, reduplication being one of the make-shifts (so to say) of this period. The languages allied to the Chinese belong to this class. In the second stage, the separate words coalesce, but not so perfectly as to disfigure their originally separate character. The Hungarian persons have illustrated this. Language now becomes what is called *agglutinate*. The parts cohere, but the cohesion is imperfect. The majority of languages are agglutinate. The Latin and Greek tongues illustrate the third stage. The parts originally separate, then agglutinate, now become so modified by contact as to look like secondary parts of a single word; these original separate substantive characters being a matter of inference rather than a patent and transparent fact. The *s* in *fathers* (which is also the *s* in *patre-s* and

\**Opuscula*. By Robert Gordon Latham, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., &c. (Williams and Norgate.)

πείρας) is in this predicament. Lastly, inflections are replaced by prepositions and auxiliary verbs, as is the case in the Italian and French when compared with the Latin. Truly, then, may we say that the phenomena of speech are the phenomena of growth, evolution, or development; and as such must they be taught. A cell that grows—not a crystal that is built up: such is language."

### SAVINGS' BANKS.\*

THE misconceptions and unfounded opinions which prevail upon the subject of savings' banks, not only among the general public, but also amongst those who are more immediately interested in and connected with such institutions, is not surprising, if we bear in mind that the work under review is the first systematic treatise in any language upon the subject. Mr. Scratchley, so well known as the author of "Industrial Investments," has throughout the work evinced an intimate acquaintance with, and a practical knowledge of the subject, that would seem to be peculiar to himself, and he has imparted that knowledge to the reader with no sparing hand. It is certainly not his fault if the subject, which he has fully ventilated, is not understood by the public; for his work contains all necessary information, and, for a subject so full of dry detail, he has made his book as readable and popular as the nature of his material and the completeness of his plan, compatibly with the character of the work as a text-book for savings' banks, would permit.

Ten years ago, and shortly after the great Irish frauds had been made known in 1848, our author first directed public attention to the subject of the increasing deficiency in the savings' banks assets with the National Debt Commissioners, by the publication of his "Suggestions on the Savings' Bank Question," in which he proposed measures likely to prevent the recurrence of the frauds which were discovered in the years 1848 and 1849; and he proposed a bill designed not only to obviate the recurrence of such frauds, but to effect a general re-organisation of these excellent institutions with reference to defects in political finance which affected their operations; and, although that bill fell through, yet the lapse of time has shown that the principles upon which it was based were well calculated to attain the desired object.

The present treatise is divided into six parts, preceded by an introduction which contains, amongst other things, a *résumé* of much interesting information respecting savings' banks in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Hamburg, Prussia, Austria, Holland, Sweden, Russia, Australia, and several of the United States of America, collected from authentic sources; and its object is to give to those who may desire thoroughly to understand the subject of savings' banks all the information necessary for that purpose, in a systematic form, pointing out the principles by which their internal and financial organisation should be guided.

Part I. is devoted to the past history and present system of savings' banks.

II. To the frauds in savings' banks: their evil consequences and the remedy.

III. To financial errors in the savings' bank system.

IV. The financial re-organisation of savings' banks on a sound basis.

\* A Practical Treatise on Savings' Banks; containing a Review of their past History and present Condition, and of Legislation on the Subject; with an Exposition of the Measures required for their Reorganisation, and for Placing them on a sound Financial Basis. By Arthur Scratchley, M.A., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, formerly Fellow and Sadlerian Lecturer of Queen's College, Cambridge, author of a "Treatise on Industrial Investments," &c. (Longman and Co.)

V. The post-office savings' bank plan, and the facilities offered by savings' banks for the extension of life assurance and sick benefits amongst the industrious classes.

VI. Non-government banks of deposit and the audit of public institutions.

There is also a chapter added on the subject of applying a portion of savings' bank funds to assist societies for the improvement of industrial dwellings. It further contains a short *résumé* of the history of the national debt, the security in which, under the present law, all savings' bank funds are invested.

The subject of Savings' Banks is, indeed, one well deserving of study by all classes, for these institutions form one of the most remarkable features of the present age. Its importance is admitted by the most eminent political economists in this country and abroad.

However, the Legislature, honorary trustees, and managers receive much praise, which was not universally merited, for a series of facts unhappily showed that all trustees and managers did not continue the effective discharge of the duties for which they received public esteem and admiration. The Legislature also, as our author observes, "while endeavouring to give practical effect to the wide sympathies between class and class which honourably distinguish our age from all others in the world's history, had not in its efforts of social law-giving been invariably successful, and had not always sufficiently regarded the simplest principles of political economy."

"After 30 years—up to 1848—had been devoted to developing, in what was thought a satisfactory manner, the progress of savings' banks, the friends of these excellent institutions imagined that no improvement could be necessary, unless, perhaps, to give greater facilities to the public. Within the last 12 years, however, the reputation of savings' banks has undergone a change. To the praise that used to be awarded to them, has succeeded censure of the most bitter kind—to the confidence that was universal, has succeeded mistrust. It is found not only that their system of management has been imperfect, and given rise to frauds and losses, but also that considerable financial errors have been committed in the principles upon which the Government has dealt with savings' banks."

It appears from the parliamentary returns that the investments in England and Wales are in the proportion of about 1*l.* 12*s.* to each person of the gross population, and that the average amount to each depositor is about 26*l.*; that one in sixteen in England and Wales are depositors, and that this proportion is on the increase. The number of depositors as compared with the population is less, and the amount of individual deposit much smaller, in Scotland than in England; and in Ireland the banks are fewer than in Great Britain, but the average of deposits is higher.

The frauds that have been made public amount to 229,482*l.*, exclusive of large sums with which the public are as yet unacquainted.

Mr. Scratchley shows that the remedy against the recurrence of these mischiefs lies in the appointment of Government inspectors and auditors, unconnected with the management, and removable every two years, with the guarantee of the State for savings' bank deposits.

Having determined the principles upon which savings' bank securities should be valued, our author considers the financial condition of the savings' banks and friendly societies depositing with the National Debt Commissioners, and the state of their funds in the Commissioners' hands on the 20th of November, 1858. He then shows a deficiency of

four millions and a-half in the assets, and he proceeds to account for this, by attributing it to the guaranteeing the repayment at par, when the securities in which the savings' bank funds are invested were so subject to fluctuation, and the certainty that large sums must be sold below the prices at which they were purchased, in order to repay deposits; no precaution having been taken to reserve a fund out of the interest payable, or from some other source, to meet this deficiency. Our author's observations on the operations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and their effect on savings' banks, are well worthy of perusal. He shows very satisfactorily that the amount lost by the Chancellor's speculative operations is but 300,000*l.* out of the four millions and a-half deficiency, instead of the three millions stated by certain of the witnesses before the parliamentary committee.

We feel that we cannot, within the limits of a review, do justice to the author's suggestions for the re-organisation of savings' banks. We must therefore refer the reader to the work itself, which contains a great deal of learning, and shows a practical acquaintance with the subject that can alone be the result of long consideration.

Our author concludes his observations on the audit and management of public institutions with the following paragraph:—

"From the observations in this and the preceding chapter, the reader will be able to form his own opinion of the benefit that would be conferred on the industrial portion of the community, by the establishment of independent and non-government savings' banks. It will doubtless, however, be admitted, that unless stringent regulations be provided for the appointment by the directors of professional visiting inspectors, to watch, on their behalf, the operations of the bank, we may witness a repetition of the miseries occasioned by recent failures. The effect of such failures, when extending largely in a country district, can scarcely be conceived by any who have not been actually present at the scene. The inhabitants of centres of population, which have as yet been exempt from similar disasters, know little of the shock but by the distant exploration, whilst those on the spot see anxiety and distress on every countenance, all industrial confidence suspended, and what is more painful still, numerous unfortunate depositors—of advanced age—reduced again to the labour for which they are no longer fitted, and against which, by years of early industry, they had striven to make a provision. I have said contingencies—which honesty and prudence in the management may avert—it would be the province of the inspectors to prevent, so far as may lie in their power, by a watchful discharge of their duties."

### THE SEVEN SISTERS OF SLEEP.\*

WE commend this book to the impartial perusal of the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, Mr. Samuel Morley, and other gentlemen who recently held an anti-tobacco meeting in Exeter Hall. It is a volume which would shock the followers of King James I., of pious and pedantic memory, and the admirers of his "Counterblast." It inveighs against those lean-hearted members of the Anti-Snuff and Tobacco Club, who would think evil of a preacher, albeit a Robert Hall, or a poet equal—if such there be—to Tennyson, or John Wilson, to whom the hookah was a delight. It is written by a real lover of the pipe, who, in the midst of many most useful statistics regarding the Virginian weed, and its six sleep-inducing sisters—forming a lively and instructive popular history of the seven prevailing narcotics of the world—brings in, not out

\* *The Seven Sisters of Sleep.* By M. C. Cooke, director of the Metropolitan Scholastic Museum. (James Blackwood, Paternoster Row.)



of place, many wise reflections, in our opinion, upon the general taste, which shows that such substances, when not abused to excess, are gifts of Providence to man to supply natural wants, and condemns those abstainers who rail and rave at such as thankfully and moderately enjoy them. Liebig is quoted to pronounce on the question, whether it depends on the sensual and sinful inclinations merely that every people of the globe has appropriated some such means of acting on the nervous life—from the shore of the Pacific, where the Indian retires from life for days in order to enjoy the bliss of intoxication with "coca," to the Arctic regions, where the Kamtschatkan prepares an intoxicating beverage from a poisonous mushroom. Liebig, as well as our author, and the late Professor Johnston, of Durham—who, in his "Chemistry of Common Life," in discussing the narcotics we indulge in, has supplied much similar information—think that, on the contrary, man has discovered in the various products of vegetable life, such as are here described, the true means of giving to his food the desired and necessary quality. Some have no tobacco, but find in hemp or opium a substitute for the vegetable denied to them by nature. Had we not known tobacco or gin, we should doubtless have discovered both an equally objectionable narcotic, and as fiery a form of alcohol. There is one part of the author's book in which—perhaps from prejudice, or want of so thorough a knowledge of the matter—we should be inclined to differ from him. We think, notwithstanding that he adduces no light medical testimony, that he has underrated the effects of the general use of opium on the mass of the Chinese people. Though he gives many proofs of indulgence in the pernicious habit, he thinks that such open evidence of the evil effects of opium, and of visibly injurious results, as we have in the case of gin-palaces in this country, is awaiting at Hong-Kong or Singapore. In this we differ; but certainly we can to some degree sympathise with him in the view that prejudice makes abstainers find fault with drinkers of wine or spirits, or those who use opium or tobacco, while they do not themselves exhibit any rare virtue in adhering instead to tea and coffee, which in part at least serve the purposes for which others employ alcoholic stimulants. It is well put, that those who from medical advice have taken to cod-liver oil, soon lose their inclination for wine, and may at a cheap cost, as regards self-denial, acquire the merit of virtue as total abstainers.

But though from these pages we might draw excellent arguments against condemning the use in place of the abuse, such is not the chief purpose of the work before us. It is to give us the history of, and detail the modes of using, each of the seven products employed in various parts of the world to soothe the nerves and "clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care." In one of the tables in the appendix we have also a list of the various substitutes for the different narcotics, it being only possible to describe a few of such substitutes under each head in the body of the work. Professor Johnston has given an estimate of the number of persons indulging in the seven principal substances, which we quote, though in some cases the estimate is too large:—

Tobacco	...800,000,000.
Opium	...400,000,000.
Hemp	...200,000,000 to 300,000,000.
Betel	...100,000,000.
Coca	...10,000,000.

Thorn-apple (no estimate, though less than coca).  
Amanita.

Each of those seven is fully noticed. Like Mr. Gladstone when disposing of a brace or

more of troublesome interrogatories, let us take the easiest first; though in this case it is the one with which most readers are least familiar. In the land of Kamtschatka, the poor native, from the rigours of the climate, could have no hope of cultivating any of the six preceding articles on our list: but he has found an indigenous narcotic in the form of an unpretending fungus or toadstool, termed the fly agaric (*Amanita muscaria*) to stimulate his dormant energies. It is remarkable that in different climates the same plant has different qualities. In vain do we cultivate in this country the hemp as a narcotic or anodyne. But "Gunja at home" in India is that on which a debauch is indulged in, as we shall more particularly notice in its order. Similarly the qualities of mushrooms vary much as to their being poisonous or not, according to the climate. To the exile of Siberia intoxication is cheap. The fly mushroom (so called from it being the fly poison) is collected in summer, and dried in the open air. It is rolled up in the form of a bolus, and swallowed like a common pill. One good bolus, compounded of one or two large toadstools, causes a day's intoxication; and the kind of intoxication is said to be remarkably pleasant—at first a cheerful giddiness, during which the dancer executes his most brilliant pas, the musician utters his best song, till occasionally entire loss of consciousness succeeds. For other modes of using this "sister of sleep," we must refer the curious reader to our author, or Professor Johnston.

A large portion of the work is taken up with the various modes of using tobacco—with most of which we are all pretty familiar. The least common use is that of the green leaf as a cure for the bites of serpents and for bruises; and an instance is recorded where a young lady recovered from a dose of arsenic, by chewing tobacco so as to produce vomiting, though, most likely, other emetics might have answered as well. In this country the tax on tobacco, at a rate for duty amounting to 933 per cent. *ad valorem*, produces about six millions annually—a most profitable, and even in the eyes of most devotees to it, a very unexceptionable impost. With the chapter on pipe-ology, and that on "sniffing and sneezing," we have not space to meddle. The curious may note that in the year 750, when a plague raged, and sneezing was a symptom of the last agony, the custom of saying "God bless you," to a sneeze, was introduced. In Africa some tribes make "bucca" tea, a cold infusion of tobacco and natron. We trust our countrymen will long abstain in general from the Yankee custom of chewing, as well as from what we believe is now becoming prevalent in America, the use of "bang." The majority of substitutes for tobacco are in general poor pretenders: but, when hard up, brown paper or tow may supply an inveterate smoker. A Buckinghamshire parson, of the name of Breedon, as we are told in "Lilly's History of his Life and Times," when in want of tobacco used to cut up and smoke the bell-ropes!

If tobacco enslaves, or ministers delight to, 800,000,000 of the inhabitants of the globe, opium counts half the number as its devotees. The original home of the poppy is Asia and Egypt; and, in British India, the large Gangetic tract, six hundred miles long by two hundred broad. The juice, at first of a pinkish colour, is collected from the capsules, which have been scarified or incised. The opium is then made up into balls, and before being used by the opium-smoker, undergoes a preparation by boiling and straining. In this country it is either taken in pills, or in the liquid form of laudanum; and we fear its use, especially in the manufacturing districts, is on the increase. In-

dulgence in opium, however, is very un-English, and we trust will never become general. In the East it is considered as opening up the gates of Paradise: and the Chinese opium-smoking—our opinion as to which, with the author's, we have already given—is familiar enough to most readers. There is a fascination in the use of opium to which the lover of a pipe of tobacco is a stranger. But the night-side of opium eating and smoking should be seen; and to those who wish to gather an idea of the "Pandemonium" to which it may introduce them, the pages of De Quincey are open. Lettuce is the chief vegetable which might be used as a substitute for opium, but ten good lettuces must be eaten, before sufficient extract will have been consumed to kill a dog in two days.

Hemp is one of those plants which may be cultivated in any climate; but in India only, where its fibrous qualities, for which it is most valued elsewhere, fail, does it develop narcotic secretions so as to occupy a prominent position among the "seven sisters." A resinous juice exudes, and being concreted on the leaves, stems, and flowers, constitutes the base of all the hemp preparations. Among the Scythians it was known in the time of Herodotus: as he says "transported with its vapour, they shout aloud." The dried plant is called "Gunjah,"—the leaves and capsules, the "Bang," which is cheaper, and, though less powerful, at the cost of a halfpenny affords power enough to intoxicate a habituated person. Under the ancient Saracens, and with the modern Arabs, it was known by the name of "Haschisch." This extract is like syrup, of a dark greenish colour. From this word is one of the derivations of the name of "Assassins," known to the historians of the crusades as a tribe near Mount Lebanon, whose Sheikh, an old man, trained them up to all sorts of wild and daring murders. Of all narcotics, it seems to be the most uncertain in its effects, though generally it has the power of exciting the imagination to the uttermost—the strongest contrast to the soothing or stupefying influence of tobacco. In India, *Gunjah* is used for smoking only. Brother Jonathan uses hemp tops and the powder of the betel, rolled up like a quid of tobacco.

The fourth in order of Mr. Cooke's "sisters," (or the fifth, as we noticed the Siberian mushrooms to begin with), is that which has for its chief seat of empire the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and the Malayan Peninsula. Though the Hindoo-Chinese race is not a stranger to opium, the national indulgence is the areca, or betel-root. It suits sailors who require a state of repose to chew their "buvo." It is the fruit of the areca palm, which grows near the sea, and is one of the most beautiful of the Indian palms. It is used chiefly as a masticatory. The root of the Aya pepper is used in the same way as the areca and betel-nuts. Parties are formed to chew the "cava," or pieces of the root split and washed clean. When enough has been chewed, the whole is thrown into a large bowl; it is then kneaded together, and water poured in. The mixture is stirred, and then the "cava" being strained, the water is put into small cups and distributed round the company. "Coon," or a quid consisting of a slice of areca nut, a small piece of cutch, a little tobacco and lime, is chewed by every one, both male and female, in Burmah. It stains the mouth and lips red, which is considered ornamental; but to a stranger a chewer would appear to be in the last stage of consumption, from the blood-red spittle sent forth. It is said to counteract the exciting effects of opium, and perhaps it is one

of the most innocent of the indulgences enumerated.

"Our lady of Tongas," the humble-growing coca shrub, reigns over a different hemisphere. To the dried leaves of this shrub, cultivated extensively in the mild and moist climate of the Andes, the Peruvian, Bolivian, and Brazilian is indebted for a stimulus, when mind or body is exhausted with toil. It is chewed with lime, and with this and a small quantity of parched corn or arrow root, the Indian will travel on foot a hundred leagues. But chewing it becomes quite a passion, and the *coquero* is seldom reclaimed. "The victim hastens to some retreat in a gloomy wood, throws himself beneath a tree, and remains there insensible to storms or floods; and after yielding himself for two or three days to the occupation of chewing coca, returns to his abode with trembling limbs, and a pallid countenance, the miserable spectacle of unnatural enjoyment."

One of the most curious habits is eating different kinds of earth. On the Mackenzie river a white mud exists, having the flavour of a hazelnut; on the Arkansas is found a similar substance, a pink clay. In many such clays are to be found the remains of infusorial animalculæ. We do not stop to enumerate the various kinds, but note a fine clay called *stein butter*, spread on their bread instead of butter, by workmen employed at sandstone quarries at Kiffhauser, in Germany. The arsenic-eaters of Styria are now historical individuals; and we fear the custom, either among human beings, or for giving temporary wind and glossiness of skin to horses, which they speedily lose when they change owners, is not wholly unpractised in this country.

The last and least known or used of the "seven sisters" is "*Datura and Co.*" The thorn-apple (*D. Stramonium*) and night-shade, are most powerful in their effects on the brain. They are akin to the race of the potato. *Atropa belladonna* (so called either because those who used it saw beautiful ladies before them, or because Italian ladies employed it as a cosmetic), *Hyoscyamus* or *henbane*, the bitter-sweet, and many other plants of these tribes, possess the properties of narcotic poisons. The leaves of these plants are often made into cigarettes; but to discuss the subject further would be entering on a treatise on poisons. In Peru a species of the thorn-apple grows wild, and the leaves or seeds, made into a decoction, throw those who drink it into a death-like sleep for days. The same thorn-apple is used in New Granada to prepare a drink called "*Tonga*," from which result first stupor, and then convulsions, succeeded by sleep for hours, in which interesting visions are obtained.

We have thus discussed the "seven sisters" of our author. Little pretence is made of originality, but the merit of a lively and interesting compilation of facts is justly due. Much valuable information to those interested in the subject is met with in this volume of nearly 400 pages, and unless great scientific chemical analysis is looked for, the writer may be fairly said to have nearly exhausted the discussion of the evident "labour of love" which he has taken in hand.

THE "Reliquary," a quarterly illustrated publication, more especially relating to the legendary, biographical, and historical lore of the county of Derby, is announced for publication on the 1st of July. It will be edited by Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., and we understand that the articles will be contributed by the most eminent antiquaries and literary men.

# SHORT NOTICES.

*Thoughts in Metre.* By Mrs. R. D. Walbey. (London: Hurst and Blackett. Hertford: Stephen Austin.) This little volume consists of a collection of poems, most of which have already appeared in periodicals or journals. The thoughts and language of the author are remarkable for their purity and elegance. They are the emanations of a refined, graceful, and cultivated intellect.

*Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers.* A Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by John Ball. (London: Longman and Co.) A fifth edition of this interesting compilation has just been published in a portable form suitable for carrying in the knapsack or pocket, without the coloured plates, but with the maps. This has been done at the suggestion of the members of the Alpine Club, and the present edition is intended chiefly to suit the convenience of pedestrian travellers.

*A Concise History of England.* By John Edwards. (Longman.) We have before us what purports to be "*A Concise History of England*," by J. Edwards, author of "*A History of the English Language*." The author hopes the "summary may be of use to studious members of our working men's colleges and mechanics' institutions, who desire an introduction to works of greater bulk and pretensions; and, at the same time, may be a text-book for the higher classes in our schools." It certainly appears to us to have the merit of noticing most of the important events relating not only to ordinary history, but to the progress of civilisation and laws and literature. But too many facts are crowded together, and if this is not a fair objection, considering the author's aim, undoubtedly he might have preserved the unity and connection of events much better than is done in all cases. Take, for instance, the record of the new translation of the Bible in 1604 (p. 138). The Bishops' Bible and previous translations of Tyndale, Coverdale, and Crammer are noticed; but, on referring to the period at which these were made, though we are told at p. 113—and twice, if we mistake not, elsewhere—that translations were made, no one, from the history before us, learns what connection the different personages mentioned had with them; and therefore unnecessary obscurity is caused to those studying English history for the first time. A "Summary" would be much improved by an analysis of each chapter, and a much larger chronological table than that of sovereigns merely. We would take this opportunity of commending "*Lectures on the History of England*," delivered at Chorleywood, by William Longman. Compare the first lecture, 73 pages, of which a good deal is taken up with illustrative woodcuts—a matter of some importance to one at least of the classes for whom Mr. Edwards intends his little work—with the 60 pages of the quasi-history before us, bringing down the narrative to the death of King John, and we think the "*Lectures*" have great superiority, apart from a neat "*Analysis*" and the woodcuts. Though somewhat dry, from want of detail as to facts recorded, a history we have met with by Mr. Collier, of Dublin University, serves the object intended better than Mr. Edwards's, though from the hints given he may possibly benefit in another edition; and in the meantime we do not deny, in the merit of accuracy in the facts he states, and of which he has brought a greater number together than are generally found in compilations for youthful students.

*The Diary of a Poor Young Gentlewoman.* Translated from the German by M. Anna Childs. (Trübner and Co. 1860.) The trials and afflictions of governess life have of late years been a fruitful theme; and we fear it will so continue, unless a very great and unexpected change occurs in our social system. No doubt, the position is a most trying one, and peculiarly so to those ladies with nervous, sensitive temperaments, who feel themselves by birth, manners, and education, superior to those with whom they are placed. The governess is often considered in the light of a necessary evil. She often lives a life of more than monastic seclusion upstairs, and even this is preferable to the slights and neglect of the drawing-room. But still there are exceptions, and there are noble-minded individuals whose kind, genial heart and true courtesy, make even "the

governess" enjoy life under their influence. The "Poor Young Gentlewoman," whose journal we have read through with unalloyed interest, seems to have fallen among these pleasant people, though meeting her share of those who certainly do not appreciate her. Miss Von Plettenhaus is an orphan of high family, looking back at least through forty generations of high ancestors; though, in her time the family property being reduced to almost microscopic dimensions, she is compelled to maintain herself. Her partial aunt, strongly impressed with the family dignity, wishes her to become a maid of honour, as she herself has been, and writes to her uncle, the Lord Chamberlain, to advance her views. My lord thinks differently, and is not ambitious of the honour of a poor young relative in such close juxtaposition. He suggests the situation of a governess in Mrs. Von Schlichten's family, and the young lady accepting it, begins her career in that state of life. Here she meets with kindness from some, ridicule and insult from others; but she follows her path right bravely. She bears the insolence of Mrs. Von Schlichten, and softens the mind of that lady's neglected step-daughter—poor, plain little Lucy. We cannot speak too highly of the spirit with which she endures all things, and her cheerful, prayerful temperament striving to lighten the cares of all around her. In England, we can hardly realise the peculiar family circle and household arrangements. The governess takes the keys of the sugar and coffee, and gradually extending her operations, introduces her charge to some of the mysteries of housekeeping. She also further instructs her in the art of making coffee, gruel, and various condiments; and the reward for her care is the establishment of a cooking-room in connection with the school-room, where they prepare food for the poor during the long dreary winter, and Lucy bids fair to become an experienced cook and housekeeper, as well as an accomplished gentlewoman. We must say we see so much of the useful and sensible in this mode of education, that we can only wish that it might be generally adopted. Many English homes would be brighter if the young ladies were accustomed from youth to take more interest in household affairs. Their health and cheerfulness would alike be benefited, for the mist of dulness and ennui disappear before the sunshine of employment and good humour. But Julie's sunshine is soon clouded. Mrs. Von Schlichten is her enemy. Her jealousy is bitterly excited by the attention and admiration which follows the governess, especially as she is desirous that Julie's two admirers should fall into her views respecting her two daughters, which, however, they obstinately refuse to do. One of them, a rich idle man, makes Julie a formal offer of his hand and heart, and on being refused, turns into an enemy also. The other one, Von Schaffner, rules the household, and his influence is observable everywhere. Julie's troubles crowd thickly upon her in the midst of her happiest times. We must not forget Trenchen with her large loving heart and words of wisdom, who soothes and teaches the poor oppressed orphan in her hours of sorrow. With few events and no startling incidents, the author has woven a tale of great interest, and one which, from its tone and spirit, is calculated to do much good, and which we can most cordially recommend to all.

*Recollections of Baron Gros's Embassy to China and Japan in 1857-58.* By the Marquis de Moges, Attaché to the Mission. (London and Glasgow. Richard Griffin & Co. 1860.) When England and France decided on sending a joint mission to China, in the hope that negotiation might open up a new field for Christian civilisation and commercial enterprise, the Marquis de Moges formed one of the suite of the French plenipotentiary. He had, therefore, the very best opportunities of studying the habits and customs of that strange nation, of whose inner life we know so little, and he has made the very best use of them. The result is before us in one of the most readable books of the kind which has come under our notice. The narrative embraces every point of interest from the sailing of the "*Audacieuse*" on the 27th of May with the embassy, to the return of the author with the treaty of Yedo. The Marquis de Moges



evidently keeps a diary well—a task, perhaps, more difficult than that which he has achieved—the conversion of its scattered contents into a pleasant volume, which comes before us most opportunely. The getting up of the work reflects the highest credit on the publishers. It is printed on good paper, in clear bold type, and illustrated with some really beautiful tinted lithographs. We should add that this is the “authorised translation.”

*Introduction to the History of English Literature.* By Robert Demans, M.A., Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland, Author of “Class-Book of English Prose,” &c. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.) If, as it has been wisely said, the literature of a nation tells its history, we should be thankful for any ray of light which is thrown on that literature. Mr. Demans's last work is one of those aids which we therefore welcome as a volume that the student may advantageously consult, and in which the general reader will find both improvement and pleasure. The aim of the author has been to provide a manual which, though brief, shall be sufficiently comprehensive to serve as a preparation for the study of more elaborate compilations. We are bound to say that he has fully succeeded in his design. He classifies the literature of our country under four epochs, the first extending from Chaucer to Shakspeare, the second from Shakspeare to Pope, the third from Pope to Cowper, and the fourth from Cowper to the present day. All these periods he treats ably, sketching the salient characteristics of the great writers whose style furnishes examples of the literature of the age in which they lived. In his preface, Mr. Demans modestly expresses the hope that the work “will be criticised with the forbearance which is due to every honest effort made to extend the study of so important a branch of education.” He need entertain no fear of hostile criticism, for he has disarmed it by the very great ability which he has brought to bear on his task.

*A Manual of Botany, being an Introduction to the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants.* By James Hutton Balfour, A.M., M.D., F.R.S.S. L. and E., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh, and Regius Keeper of the Royal Botanic Gardens. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1860.) This is a new edition of the “Manual of Botany” by Professor Balfour, whose valuable contributions in the same path of literature are so well known. Containing as it does a vast amount of matter, carefully collected and condensed, and copiously illustrated, this is one of the best class-books to be placed in the hands of the student in the delightful science on which it treats. The microscopical structure of plants, the functions of their various organs, their classification and distribution throughout the globe, and their condition at various geological periods, are here noted down with all the skill which so accomplished a botanist as the author can bring to bear on his favourite study, which, as he truly says, is “fitted for all ages, all ranks, and all seasons.” The appendix to this volume supplies a description of the microscope as an instrument of research in botany and the mode of making vegetable preparations. Directions as to the collection of plants and the formation of a herbarium, some hints as to Alpine travelling, and a full glossary of ordinary botanical terms, add to the value of the work.

*Chilcote Park; or, The Sisters.* (J. W. Parker, 1860.) A story, to be at all attractive, must have either exciting incidents or elaborately analysed characters. “Chilcote Park” has neither, and therefore we cannot class it amongst fictions of a high order. Its plot is not very interesting, any more than its characters; both are deficient in spirit and vividness. The story is divided into two parts—the first called “Bertha,” the second, “Agnes.” Bertha and Agnes are two orphan sisters, introduced to us at the beginning of the story as guests at Chilcote Park, the residence of their aunt, Lady Keith, who is a widow with one son, Francis. Bertha and her cousin Francis are engaged, but shortly after the formation of the engagement the unhappy Bertha bursts a blood-vessel, and a medical friend, Dr. Martin, who happens to be staying in the house, declares that her life is not worth a year's purchase. This notwithstanding, the marriage

takes place in Lady Keith's drawing-room, and without delay the whole party, Francis and his bride, Lady Keith and Agnes, hasten to Algiers. It is in vain, however, and in a few weeks Bertha is no more. Her bereaved husband is converted to Romanism by a Father Bonaventure, and becomes a missionary, eventually dying in China. Lady Keith is not long before she follows her daughter-in-law. This concludes the first part. In the next, Agnes is the heroine, though she can scarcely be considered very heroic. She becomes the inmate of her half-brother's house, where, however, she is not very comfortable, owing to her antipathy to her brother's wife, a scheming, insincere woman, who is anxious to secure Agnes's money for her own boy. Whilst here, Agnes meets and becomes the betrothed of a Captain Sinclair. She is as unfortunate as her brother-in-law, for Captain Sinclair is drowned on his passage to India. This naturally throws Agnes into great dejection, and she turns extremely religious, and takes great interest in a revival which takes place in the neighbourhood. After this she fell ill of a fever, and for some time after her convalescence seemed somewhat eccentric. Her brother's wife took advantage of this to have her incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, whence she is freed by the exertions of Dr. Martin, who has long been deeply in love with her, and who, after her rescue, makes her an offer of marriage, and is accepted. There are none of the characters for whom we can summon any excitement; and on the whole, without wishing to be unduly severe, we must pronounce “Chilcote Park” to be a feeble production, both in the construction of the plot and the description of the individuals concerned.

*Outlines of Universal History.* Second Edition. (Mozley, 1860.) This excellent little compendium has just reached a second edition. It is an imitation of a German work published at Elberfeld twenty years since, and presents to the learner a list of all the principal events in universal history, synchronically arranged “under easy dates.” It commences by a division of the world's history into three epochs—ancient history, the period of the middle ages, and modern history. Each of these is subdivided into four broad periods; for instance, the middle ages are analysed into the periods from Augustulus to Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to the First Crusade, from the First Crusade to Rudolph of Hapsburgh, and fourthly, from Rudolph of Hapsburgh down to the Reformation. We approve very highly of this synchronistic arrangement of events. The youthful mind can remember dates and circumstances with far more ease and accuracy when they are thus divided into compact parcels. Though we do not agree with the editor in thinking that this little work “will supersede the necessity on the part of the pupil of taking down notes”—an end far from desirable—we think it will be found eminently useful in a variety of other ways.

*The Madman of St. James's; a Narrative from the Journal of a Physician.* Translated from the German of Philip Galer. By T. H. (London: J. F. Hope.) If we except the title, there is nothing very remarkable about this book. The story is old, the plot is not original, and the language is utterly commonplace. St. James's is a lunatic asylum, such as lunatic asylums were fifty years ago, before the whip, the straight-jacket, and solitary confinement had given way to the more philanthropic and enlightened correctives which are adopted in the treatment of lunatics at the present time. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to a description of the asylum, its internal arrangements, and the general principles upon which the treatment of the inmates is based. Percy, the hero of the story, is the eldest son of a marquis. He has been thrown into the asylum as a lunatic by a younger and only brother named Mortimer. His brother's intention is to give out that he is the rightful heir to the estates and great wealth of his father, by proving that Percy is an illegitimate child. To this end he contrives to rouse his father's hatred against Percy, and succeeds at length in getting him into his prison-house. Another powerful reason why Mortimer is desirous of getting rid of Percy is the fact that the latter loves and is loved by Ellinor Graham, daughter of a clergyman who resides near the mar-

quis's estates. During Percy's absence abroad, Mortimer has nurtured certain designs towards this innocent girl, which the mutual attachment just formed between her and Percy bids fair to thwart. To the asylum, then, he must be consigned. From the terrific violence and opposition which Percy exhibited on his admission, and which was occasionally repeated during his stay at St. James's, he was deemed *par excellence* a madman, and gained for himself amongst five hundred lunatics the soubriquet of “The Madman of St. James's.” When he has been incarcerated about four years, the writer visits the asylum in his capacity of physician, and circumstances bring him very much in contact with “the madman.” He learns his whole story, and becomes so interested as to devote himself to the reparation of what appears to him a fearful wrong. He seeks out the fond and faithful Ellinor, and assists to put matters in their true light before the old marquis, who has by this time transferred his hatred to his son Mortimer, who, it is only justice to him to say, has fairly earned it. The physician afterwards assists Percy to escape from St. James's. He is eventually comfortably married to Ellinor. The old marquis dies, and Mortimer leaves the world, in a good melodramatic style, by falling on the dagger with which he was about to murder Percy in bed. Such is the outline of the story of “The Madman of St. James's,” which we cannot conscientiously recommend our readers to peruse. Those, however, who do so will be fairly entitled to claim credit for great patience.

*Startling Facts.* By the Rev. W. G. Jervis, M.A. (Thompson, 3, Burleigh Street, W.C. 1860.) Anything may be proved by statistics, and therefore Mr. Jervis, secretary to the “Clerical Fund, and Poor Clergy Relief Society,” has had recourse to the more incontrovertible argument of facts. The little pamphlet before us contains some of these facts. Its contents are most painful. The accounts which we find, and find stated on undeniable authority, of the condition of some of our national clergy, is one of the most harrowing stories we have read for many a day. The public at large is indebted to the Rev. Mr. Jervis for bringing the matter forward, and we hope that these “Startling Facts respecting the poverty and distress of four hundred clergymen of the Church of England,” will become widely and generally known. They are well worthy the attention, not only of the legislator and the churchman, but of every true philanthropist.

*The Fortunes of the House of Pennyl.* By T. R. Ware. (J. Blackwood.) The author of this work possesses a considerable amount of skill in the construction of a story, nor is he without originality. We think, however, that with a more enlarged experience he will produce something better worthy of his powers than his present production, which may claim credit rather for what it promises than for any actual merits of its own. The author should be careful to avoid errors of taste and verbal mannerisms. He should also be more careful in his style of composition. We make these remarks as suggestions for the author's attention, not to disparage his work, for we think “The Fortunes of the House of Pennyl” is a creditable production for a young writer. It contains hints of latent powers which we trust will be fully developed in some future work. We regret that the publisher should have had the bad taste to thrust into the pages of this little book some of “Phiz's” old illustrations. They tend to spoil rather than increase the reader's interest in the story.

*Fabian's Tower.* By the Author of “Smugglers and Foresters.” (London: Hodgson, Paternoster Row.) This is a reprint in a cheap form of a popular work by the author of “Smugglers and Foresters,” who has recently acquired additional fame by one of the best productions of last season, “The Earl's Cedars.” The narrator is a young clergyman of a good and rich family, who, in the village of Champneys, first and last exercises his ministrations with warm-hearted zeal, and without the slightest sectarian ostentation. The heroine, Sylvia, is a new creation in fiction, and the author has worked out her character with singular ability and interest. “Fabian's Tower” is the home of this half-witted child-wife, married to a man she fears and hates, who only visits her to deprive her of the small remnant of intellect she has left, by

the horror he knows she has of him. The curate of Champneys becomes acquainted with her, and the weak mind under his fostering care gets stronger. The story is told with powerful simplicity, and the *dramatis personæ* are strongly developed in character, so as to produce a very interesting novel, which, in its cheap form, we have no doubt will be fully appreciated.

*Seed-Time and Harvest of Ragged-Schools.* By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. (Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh. 1860.) What is the meaning of the term ragged-school? It is one of those recently-adopted expressions which denote one of the many novel schemes and organised institutions of the nineteenth century. Our age is remarkable, in the words of the author whose little work we have before us, for the expansive and comprehensive character of its benevolence, and from this have sprung up "ragged-schools:" once thought a beautiful theory, or the "rainbow-coloured dream of enthusiasts," but now admitted even by statesmen to be a most successful philanthropic scheme, and a blessing to the poor. To adopt the technical definition of the Committee of Privy Council on Education, through whose agency grants are made to them, as well as to all other educational institutions, ragged-schools are schools voluntarily established and maintained for children who have no home, or no *reputable* (might not *respectable* be as good a word?) home, and who depend upon school for domestic and industrial as well as literary instruction, but who attend without legal compulsion, and are vagrant rather than criminal. For the history of the rise and progress of such schools, the objects of the originators, and the social effects, so far as can be inferred or have been developed, during the fifteen years or thereabouts of their existence, we turn to the work before us. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, is well-known to the English as well as Scottish public, not only as an eloquent and attractive preacher and distinguished writer, but also as of great authority—appealed to by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons—on questions of social morality. He is one of those large-hearted men who could not narrow his intellect or contract his benevolence within the limits of one sect of Christians merely, but whose influence in this matter has spread from Edinburgh, over not Scotland only, but the whole of Great Britain. With the "city, its sins and sorrows," he is intimately acquainted. Accordingly, about the year 1847, he turned his sympathy and attention to those juvenile outcasts, of whom he then estimated there were one thousand, but whom he now reckons at nearly two thousand, for whom no one seemed to care, who belonged to the *classes dangereuses*, likely to grow up and disturb society, supplying with their hopeless and unhappy victims the police offices and prisons. His idea as to these, it is true, was not original. To Sheriff Watson, of Aberdeen, belongs the merit of first organising a scheme to sweep in the destitute and neglected children of a large town to industrial schools, before they had become entirely corrupted and hardened by repeated short imprisonments and contact with more experienced jail inhabitants. About fifteen years ago, in Aberdeen, a school was set on foot, on the principle that food as well as religious, industrial and literary training, (if such a term can be applied to the simple elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic) should be supplied. In a short time, it was observed that a considerable effect was produced in the diminution of the numbers of juvenile offenders brought before the magistrates. In Dundee and elsewhere the experiment was repeated; but it was not till Dr. Guthrie took up the cause in Edinburgh, that the public interest over Scotland was generally diffused, and such support given as to render the scheme on a large extent feasible. The "First Plea for Ragged Schools," published in 1848, details the motives and plans of Dr. Guthrie in making the attempt. A stranger to Edinburgh is struck with the beauty and number of its charitable institutions or hospitals, with revenues of some £15,000 per annum or more: but these hospitals ignore the domestic influence on children, and in them are the children of many who could rear up their offspring without pecuniary aid. Dr. Guthrie turned his eyes to the

miserable class that swarmed around the closes and dens of the old town of Edinburgh, whose sole education had been imposition, lying, begging, stealing; who could not pay for education, but who by the bribe of a meal daily might be brought to school, their only previous passport to instruction of any kind being through a jail and previous conviction of crime. An appeal was made not to leave such alone, in occupations next-door to stealing, and likely to descend from step to step till in many cases a halter might close a miserable career. Where charity might fail to influence, the pocket was appealed to, on the ground of the sum likely to be saved in poor-rates, prisons, and police. It was calculated that it was cheaper by many pounds a-year to bring up a child at a ragged school, than in the usual way in which juvenile delinquents passed several of their years. It was evident that something besides learning must be offered to induce children voluntarily to attend. Many a teacher has often found it useless to attempt the "A B C" when a pupil was starving; and, in the poetic language of our author, "the public might plant thickly trees of knowledge, but unless they were also bread-fruit trees, few of the children would seek their shadows, or sit under them with delight." The objections of those who fancied that the feeding would act as a bounty on indolence or destitution, which even after the lapse of a dozen years have not been dispelled from the minds of some (for they were reproduced two or three years ago in the House of Commons, when a Bill for regulating a similar object, and encouraging industrial and reformatory schools, was passed,) are now answered. The appeal of the "First Plea" concluded with calling on Christians of all denominations, and politicians of all parties, to join in a scheme worthy of the metropolis of Scotland, and embracing many other towns. Such is what is termed, in the new edition of the "First Plea," comprising also, with two others, the third being now for the first time published, the "Seed-Time of the Ragged Schools." This "First Plea" fell like a spark among combustibles, and a lively interest was excited in all quarters for the out-cast children of society. It now extended to England. The readers of "Macmillan's Magazine" may have noticed in the number for May, a notice of industrial schools by the Dean of Ely, Dr. H. Goodwin, long known for his intimate acquaintance with schemes of improvement for the lower strata of society. His "Industrial Schools" records the experience of ten years of a school at Cambridge, where 408 boys during that time have been improved, very much on the same plan as Dr. Guthrie's Original Ragged School. In the "Second Plea," published a few years after the First, we have the numbers at Edinburgh, not only of Dr. Guthrie's, but of two other schools there upon the same model. 378 was then the number benefited—children fatherless, with drunken mothers, or motherless with drunken fathers, both parents worthless, certainly known as children of thieves, believed to be so, known to have been beggars, those who had been in jail, in the police office, or homeless; not all, perhaps, criminal, or certain to become so, but likely to be in time of idleness, and under the influence of temptation: as Dr. Goodwin says, "the disease in many cases was idleness: the necessary cure industry." Clear testimony is borne by the magistrates, not only to the relief of the public from the importunity of beggars, but in the vast diminution of commitments of offenders below the ages of 14 and 16. The public mind in England became also stirred in the matter. Whether by ragged schools, or what are perhaps more known, industrial and reformatory ones, all are now convinced that the wisest course is to cut off the spring from which legions of criminal offenders are recruited, and a more humane age has decreed, that the old blundering method of committing a boy to prison, in but a very small proportion of cases tended to check the incipient cause of crime. We have seen it calculated that while one-tenth of the population is between the ages of 16 and 21, one-fourth of the crimes committed are by persons within these ages. Give the Arabs of the street some hopes of raising themselves in society by a life of industry, and the most fertile source of crime is dried up at its origin. The

time has gone by when persons were ridiculed who hoped to reform society or to lessen crime in a perceptible degree; but the cases, unfortunately, are rare where a person who has spent many years of his life in jail is ever thoroughly reformed. Prevention is better than cure, and though actual criminals are not to be treated as if reformation was hopeless, the plea for ragged and industrial schools rests mainly on the truth of this wise axiom. After 15 years, then, the public are prepared to receive with favour the results as set forth in the "Third Plea," on the Harvest of the Ragged Schools. Our author deems it unnecessary to give many statistics, though he might crowd his pages with such from every city in the kingdom. No ragged school once opened has ever been shut up: 127 of them all over the country participate in the annual grants of Parliament, £13,600 being given this way in aid of voluntary efforts last season, and for this year £19,000 is the sum proposed. It is calculated that our criminal population numbers 150,000. Thieving is a regular business, conducted with the regularity of a mercantile establishment. It has been calculated that the gains in Liverpool to thieves are £700,000, and in London £2,000,000 annually. Every criminal in jail costs the country £30 or £40 a-year: that sum is all that is needed to educate a child at a ragged or industrial school; and though Dr. Guthrie may overstate the argument that such education *always* prevents crime, the tendency in a very large proportion is clear. Dr. Guthrie shows in Edinburgh that, while the centesimal proportion of children under 14 in jail was 5.6, it is now on an average scarce above 1—that is to say, the numbers of recruits for the thieves' brigade has been diminished to one-fifth. Since 1847, 500 children have left his school to play their parts in life. Already, the ragged school children have shown the effects of their training by steady, honest, industrial lives. The Dean of Ely gives, in the article we have alluded to, instances of several who have turned out not only an average, but above the average, of their station in life—the best-behaved privates in regiments, and persons selected even by colonial bishops as catechists. It is a pleasant sight, as we pass along the railways, to see, as we often do, a band of stout youths turning up the soil connected with industrial or reformatory schools, in places often where the soil, once cold and heavy, tasked the boys at first; but where it, like the rugged and savage dispositions, has given way to the general reformatory influences of the place. The French institution of Count de Metz at Mettray, the establishment at Redhill, and the schools described by Dr. Guthrie, have taught us how to ameliorate the condition, and check the growth, of a very numerous and previously neglected class of society. Dr. Guthrie appeals—and not without reason—to larger aid being given from the public purse to assist the voluntary efforts of those who set such schools on foot: we believe there is no indisposition on the part of the public to grant such aid, as the benefits are invariably acknowledged, not only in the philanthropic and moral point of view, but also in the lower question of pounds, shillings, and pence. We cannot here enter into the question whether minute regulations and narrow pittance grants to promoters of such schools may not be relaxed, and the national purse-strings more freely drawn. As years roll on, we believe the diminution of crime will show the most thriving "harvest" which Dr. Guthrie can hope for, to gladden the heart of future philanthropists. Meantime, his name is associated, as one of their first originators, with institutions evincing the enlightened humanity of the present age, and the progress of civilisation; we cannot conceive them ever stilled, and we hope to see them shortly more rapidly and universally extended.

*The Story of the Patriarchs.* By Mrs. Henry Lynch. With a Preface by the Rev. W. Marsh, D.D. (London: Shaw. 1860.) The present Bishop of London, in one of the Westminster Abbey sermons, very happily described the Book of Genesis as "childlike without being childish." No part of the Bible, except the Gospels, so attracts and rivets the attention of the young. Eden and Ararat, Shinar and Damascus, Rachel by the sheepfold, Hagar in the desert, Jacob the wanderer, Joseph the captive, the angels at the tent of Abraham, the



angels ascending and descending at Bethel—these and countless others of the kind, are familiar names and pictures in many a nursery. We think, therefore, that Mrs. Lynch has shown great discrimination in selecting this portion of the sacred volume as the groundwork for special religious instruction adapted to the capacities of the young. To her task she has brought some particular excellences, which deserve more than a passing notice. In the first place, she tells a story well, setting it, with its persons and circumstances, in a graphic, life-like way before her young readers. Besides this, she interweaves with her narrative a large amount of information on the subject of sacred geography and Oriental customs; in fact, we may say that this little volume is admirably calculated to give a taste for and supply an introduction to the study of Biblical antiquities. A third merit is the reverent and devotional tone of the whole, especially to be remarked in the little comments with which every incident is accompanied. Thoughtful and intelligent children do consider the meaning and the difficulties of a Scriptural narrative far more than we are apt to imagine, and we agree with Dr. Marsh, who says in the preface to this work that we are apt to under-rate "their capacity to receive religious truths." It is no little achievement to have perceived and supplied their religious wants as well as Mrs. Lynch has done, and we dismiss her book with our heartiest commendations, as written with great earnestness and calculated to do great good.

*Huntley's Year of the Church.* (J. H. and Jas. Parker.) In Lord Macaulay's "famous third chapter" no contrast is more striking than that which he draws between the London and country clergy of the seventeenth century, where he opposes the learned, polished, and brilliant divine of the metropolis, to his rural brother in thatched cottage and torn cassock, occupied in the roughest manual labour, and rejoicing to be feasted in a great man's kitchen—coarse, unlettered, almost uncivilised. The picture has been charged, and truly charged, with considerable exaggeration; but all those who protested most strongly against the merciless sarcasms of the great essayist would probably admit that, as a matter of fact, a great deal did intervene between the two classes of the Anglican clergy. It is a noteworthy proof of progressive civilisation, that this gulf has been so completely spanned, that the once sharp line of demarcation has been so thoroughly obliterated, and that we look for some of the brightest names of the English Church to country parsonages. This elevation, too, is that of a class. It is not merely that we boast here and there men like Mr. Keble or Mr. Kingsley, but that the rural districts abound in clergy of more than superficial learning and more than respectable ability. We have been led into these remarks by perusing the posthumous sermons of Mr. Huntley. Their author, without standing either in scholarship or ability in the front rank of his profession, is an excellent type of the educated, thoughtful, and zealous country rector. Sprung from an ancient and loyal race, Mr. Huntley was gentleman-commoner of Oriel, and afterwards fellow of All Souls, obtained successively the college living of Alberbury, in Shropshire, and the family one of Boxwell-cum-Leighton, in Gloucestershire. The clergy of the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol unanimously chose him in 1841 as their proctor in Convocation. On several Church questions of the day he took a prominent and decided part—advocating the revival of synodical action, opposing the contemplated suppression of a Welsh bishopric, and protesting, both at Bow Church and in the Court of Queen's Bench, against the election of Dr. Hampden to the mitre of Hereford. The study of local antiquities, especially those relating to the language of the common people, was his great recreation; while the sermons before us lead us to give the fullest credence to Sir George Prevost's eulogies on his diligence and earnestness, sympathy and common sense, as a parish priest. The title of this volume is rather a misnomer, the sermons extending not over the whole Christian year, but commencing with Advent and terminating with Trinity Sunday. They contain no profound speculations—they are distinguished by no dazzling eloquence; but they are deserving of all praise

as the work of a sincere and able man, who thoroughly understood our agricultural poor, their language and style of thought, their trials, their doubts, and their difficulties. But for all this, there is no dull and wearisome iteration of trite topics. While you feel the sermons are intended for an English country congregation, you never forget that it is a country congregation of the nineteenth century, and that the special influences and questions of the age do in some degree at least force their way into every remote corner of the land. Thus, when Mr. Huntley dwells on national sin, he points out forcibly and well how the smallest parish may add to its awful aggregate. When he is speaking of the temptation, he pauses to controvert simply but triumphantly the infidel arguments as to the origin of evil. Another special merit which these discourses possess is the manner—straightforward and distinctive, uncompromising but not uncharitable—in which they set forth the teaching of the Church of England. As an example of this, we would cite with special praise the sermon for Whit-Sunday, in which the case between Church and Dissent is stated with remarkable vigour and clearness. Among others, we may mention with particular commendation the sermon for the sixth Sunday after Epiphany, on the difficult subject of faith and works; that for the second Sunday in Lent on Esau, and those for the two succeeding Sundays on Joseph. The following extract from that for the Sunday after Ascension, though rather more ornate, is not more touching or impressive than the generality of the volume:—"My brethren, is not this a truth which every one of us can speak to? When you have been in any temptation, in any trial, have not your hearts been reminded? As the Lord has allowed the temptation to try you, to prove you, in order to increase your strength and your constancy, so also has He not always 'made a way to escape,' if you would enter it? Have you not been reminded, warned, put on your guard, called off from the sin, and been tenderly admonished to keep with Jesus? My brethren, who warned you? who called you? Your Saviour Christ! Doubtless we have not always obeyed, we have not always come when we were called; that confession, doubtless, we have all to make, and I suppose, therefore, that repentance with prayers is now the only safe course for the feet of any one of us. Humbly and diligently may we all walk therein. But though we came not, still we were called to come, and in every temptation, called we were, and we felt that we were called, and that the call, moreover, came from Christ. And whether in the busy and flaunting vanities of the world, or in the hidden and the secret stains and pollutions of sin, or in the hot and angry contentions, or in the loud and intemperate excesses of unruly passions, or in the sly and false dealings of deceit, in every kind of temptation to sinfulness, in every trial of our steadfastness, we have felt a check. A warning, a remembrance has been sent to us; a place and a time to escape always has been shown and made for us, and we have felt of a surety that it would lead us straight to God. I know, my brethren, that at such times many a soul has said, 'Yes, this is the path, and it will lead me into peace; it will carry me away from my temptation, and I shall be with Jesus; but I will not walk therein; I will sin now, and will have Satan's pleasure, and I will take my chance for a hereafter.' I know that this is a common thing. But what does that rash soul feel? He feels that he follows his fleshly heart of his own will, he feels that he puts his hand into Satan's hand, and suffers him to lead him away into wickedness; he feels that he grieves the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he turns his back upon Him. He feels these things; and these are the things which make the greatness of his sin. But still is there not the Lord at hand to save him in every temptation, if he will be obedient to His voice? Tried, tempted, he is not left to perish. In every assault of the enemy, Christ will be found at hand also. He does 'not leave us nor forsake us,' but is with us; and if the prodigal son will come 'from the huts and from the swine' of sin, and will leave his pollutions, and 'return unto his Father,' lo! 'while he is yet a great way off His Father seeth him, and hath compassion, and runneth, and falleth upon his neck, and kisseth him.'"

*Domestic Memoirs of the Royal Family, and of the Court of England, chiefly at Shene and Richmond.* By Folkestone Williams, F.G.S., F.R.G.S. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) A work which commences with Julius Caesar, and terminates with Albert Prince of Wales, cannot be said to fail in variety. It is almost as ambitious as some of those Noah's arks which profess to contain specimens of every animal living or extinct. These memoirs remind us of certain pleasant volumes of what may be termed "the gossip of history," which have recently been issued from the press, and of others which, like "The Old Court Suburb" of Leigh Hunt, have taken a fixed standing in the light literature of the country. Lively, chatty, curious, and communicative, these books and their authors have generally received a welcome from the public. We like to be amused; we like, especially, to be amused and instructed at the same time. Knowledge, we all know, is one of the best gifts which life has to yield; but then, unfortunately, knowledge is associated with difficulties and privations, with self-denial and dyspepsia, and it is vastly well if we can imbibe it by easy doses in an easy chair. So we are apt to be grateful to authors who take the hard work off our hands, who make our literary sledge-driving smooth by lifting us lightly over the hummocks. The purveyors of light historical literature in the present day have many sins to answer for, but they must be allowed in one respect to know their business well. They are often inaccurate, but they are rarely dull. They are frequently prejudiced in their statements, and illogical in their deductions, but they know how to write an agreeable narrative in a picturesque and sparkling style. This happy art, which puts the reader in good humour, and puts money in the purse of the writer, is not possessed by Mr. Folkestone Williams. He, too, though evidently a laborious and painstaking man, is occasionally inaccurate, but he is also uniformly heavy. His ample materials are ill-adjusted, his whole composition is clumsily arranged. He too often tells as new what everybody knows, and still more frequently relates what is not worth knowing. It grieves us to disparage a work on which so much labour has been bestowed, and which might have proved so interesting. Mr. Williams had the requisite colours on his palette, his canvas was ample, his subject suggestive, his knowledge considerable; but he has no perception of harmony, of light and shade, of distance and foreground, and therefore his picture has turned out a crude and tasteless medley, instead of proving, as it might have done, an attractive work of art. Scarcely anything can be more wearisome than the details with which these volumes abound. It is hard work to read a dry account of tournaments and armour, of cookery and clothes, of state beds and royal etiquette, of court-fools and fools at court, of a Prince of Wales's revenues and the privy-purse expenses of a princess. It is harder still to read the relation of incidents in our literary history with which any well-informed man is sure to be entirely familiar, and which, instead of being gracefully mentioned, have been tediously detailed. But we do not care to pursue the ungrateful task of fault-finding. If we have no sympathy with Mr. Folkestone Williams as an author, we have great sympathy with him as an earnest and hard-working student. "Thirty years of severe literary labour—rarely less than ten hours a-day, sometimes more"—ought certainly to have produced a more abundant harvest than that which is gathered in these volumes. But it is impossible not to respect and appreciate the steadiness of purpose which has been sustained for so many long years, without the stimulus of popular applause, or the joy of literary success.

*Poems, containing "The City of the Dead."* By John Collett, late of Wadham College, Oxford. 2nd edition. (Longman and Co.) Mr. Collett's poems have passed into a second edition, and if we may judge from the honour awarded them by a certain portion of the press, they ought speedily to reach a third. But such a test is fallacious, since it is just possible that this unstinted praise may not be echoed by the public. We cannot say that we feel inclined to join in it ourselves. "The City of the Dead" reads like a good prize poem, superior to many of the class, and equal to most; the versifica-

tion is correct, and the imagery appropriate. No one could have written it who did not possess a cultivated mind and a considerable amount of poetic taste and feeling. To this praise Mr. Collett is fairly entitled, but he has no claim to more. His verses, however correct and harmonious, do not stimulate thought, or kindle fancy, or awaken profound emotion. We read them calmly, praise them quietly, put them aside without regret, and are not careful to refresh our memory by a second perusal. Poems of this sort, over which the mind travels easily without being arrested in its course, may be very clever, and altogether unexceptionable; they deserve a certain amount of admiration, but they have not life enough to impart life, they cannot rouse a soul into consciousness, they exercise no sway over the intellect and heart. Some of the smaller poems contained in this volume are agreeable in their finish and completeness, and all of them are written with carefulness and vigour. Mr. Collett is not feeble as a rhymster. Unlike that of many of our poets, his style is manly and intelligible; but he wants that "fine frenzy," that subtle something which we feel but cannot describe, which takes a man out of the region of mere versification, and makes him a rightful citizen of the fair land of poetry.

*The Army, the Horse-Guards, and the People.* By a Soldier. (London: Charles Skeet.) This is a clever, elegantly-written brochure; one of the numerous protests against the "purchase system" in the army; one of the most sensible specimens of the pamphleteer's dissatisfaction which we have met with. It requires no argument to convince us that the army was not properly organised at the beginning of the Crimean campaign—the fact is not denied by any uninterested person who had an opportunity of judging. With regard to the purchase system, which seems to be our author's special grievance, we would merely observe, that whatever opinion may be entertained of the policy of such an arrangement, the question is not one of injustice to individuals—at least to the extent which the writer supposes. A young man who, in the present day, chooses the church or the army for his profession, does so well knowing that unless he possesses money or influence, his hopes of promotion are of the faintest description. Again, no amount of money will pass a man who is not sufficiently efficient to stand the test of his examinations.

*Jack in the Green.* A Comic Opera in Three Acts. (J. F. Eyles, Brighton.) This is, it appears to us, one of those numerous flirtations with the Muse, attempted for the amusement of "a few friends," by young gentlemen who are "considered clever." As such, we have only to say to the author, that as long as he attempts nothing more serious than "Jack in the Green," we shall not meddle with the prosody of his verses. We would, however, recommend him to change his printer; if seven *errata* in a volume of thirty-six pages are to be ascribed to the carelessness of the latter.

*Les Paradis Artificiels; Opium et Haschisch.* Par Charles Baudelaire. (Paris: Poulet-Malassis et De Broise.)—M. Charles Baudelaire is, we may assume, a haschisch-eater; we may also conclude that the sensations described in the first part of his work are rather *souvenirs* of his own feelings than remarks based on the experience of others. We think that any reader who has glanced over the dedication of "Les Paradis Artificiels" will consider us justified in arriving at this conclusion. As a work, then, in which reality is apparent—a poem (the author calls the first portion of his work "Le poème du Haschisch") from amongst whose flowers of expression and gorgeous fantasies truth may be called by the student—this book may be looked on as valuable. Let us, guided by M. Baudelaire, attempt for the curious reader (for who is not curious for information on such a subject?) a description of the sensations observed by the novice in haschisch-eating. Every one has felt in the spring time of adolescence, on the first return of health after a tedious illness, or when the mind has been filled with happiness on some bright morning in the early summer—every one has felt, we say, at some time, an expansion of the mind, an increased power of appreciating the beautiful. The world around us has assumed its brightest colours; all nature

seems to smile, and to bear a part in our rejoicing. To such a state of mind generally succeeds a reaction, more or less severe; and whilst, an hour earlier, we indulged in a triumphant happiness, we knew not why, an hour later sees us dejected without a cause. If we understand M. Baudelaire aright (he is not always as lucid as he is poetical); such a feeling, in a more intense degree, is the effect of a dose of haschisch on a person situated most favourably for the reception of the drug. What haschisch is, our readers will learn from another part of our to-day's impression, amongst the "Seven Daughters of Sleep." By far the larger portion of this work of M. Baudelaire is an avowed translation of the well-known "Confessions" of De Quincey, a fact which the author would have done well to have avowed on the title-page of his volume. From the first portion of the "Paradis Artificiels" we glean the following curious experiences: No new idea, no unknown beauty, is suggested to the man who is under the influence of haschisch. His sentiments and sensations are only rendered *intense*. What would under natural circumstances please him, now enchants; what would have caused him uneasiness, distracts him. But all things are under subjection to a feeling of laziness, which takes possession of him, and forbids his making an effort, even when suffering torture, to free himself. As to the masterly conceptions, the ideas fraught with genius, which seem to occur to his mind—alas! they only *seem*. It is a peculiarity in the effect of this drug that those who have yielded to its influence do not remember their thoughts whilst affected, after the power of the charm has passed away. All is then darkness and dejection; and the gilded fancies of their dream are seen in their hideous plainness, like mire which the sunset transformed for a few moments into a sheet of gold.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

"Blackwood" for June.—Following the example of other serials, "Blackwood" has antedated the commencement of the month by nearly a week. It is certainly striking to a traveller in Ireland or the Highlands of Scotland, to be able to peruse the month's magazines so much earlier than was the case within a very short period—whether a result of "The Schoolmaster at Home," or of the competition which characterises the nineteenth century, is of little moment to the gratified reader. The opening article, under the title we have just employed, is a discussion of the species of education best suited to the working-classes. "The love of money is the root of all evil;" but, as in some cases qualifying this maxim, the writer quotes a paradox, that "a chaplaincy might properly be established to inculcate a love of mammon among the working-classes." Savings' banks and investment societies are quoted as serving to reconcile the seeming opposition of these views. The utility of cramming workmen so much, to the exclusion of practical industrial knowledge, and giving them isolated morsels of science, which soon fade from the memory of those who toil for their bread, is well illustrated. More attention, even at the expense of the "ologies," should be given to instructing the great bulk of our population—when the first essentials of reading, writing, and an ordinary amount of arithmetic (not, of course, excluding Scriptural knowledge), have been made known to them—in varied practical knowledge of the condition of the food they eat, the raiment they wear, and the dwellings they live in. The special political article called "The Balance of Party," discusses how the Opposition party, which before the meeting of Parliament believed itself on an equality with the Government, had to succumb to the "glamour" and enchanting words of the "rhetorician of the day," but is now recovering its popularity and fighting on equal terms. A drag at least has been put on Mr. Gladstone, and perhaps, as the Thanes of the old Whig party are falling away from the Government of Lord Palmerston, the balance may ere long incline to the side which the editor of "Maga" would desire. Much depends on the future conduct of Louis Napoleon, as, by a liberal interpretation of the treaty in our favour, he has it in his power to render the tariff more acceptable than it is at present. He may think it advisable to

make concessions as to duties on rags, the whole question as to which has not been disposed of by the vote in the House of Lords; and there are other matters unsettled as to *ad valorem* duties on many articles. Another paper in the present number discusses the conduct of our able and mysterious ally in his dealings with the Savoy and Nice annexation, and shows how even the seemingly-liberal measure of universal suffrage can be twisted to suit the views of despotic governments. There are few subjects of study so interesting as that of national character, especially when the distinct character of a people is daily becoming moulded into conformity with its neighbours. The bridge across the Tweed, which united and made easy railway communication between England and Scotland, has done more to abolish distinctive Scottish nationality, than many years of previous less close and intimate intercourse. Our "Magazine," in connection with the humorous work of Dean Ramsay on the peculiarities of Scottish character, discusses those traits which are worthy of being preserved in history, as making up the individuality of a gallant and independent people, whose emblem is their own thistle, whose peculiarity it is to kick against measures which would advance their prosperity, merely because they seem to compromise their independence, and which is gradually becoming merged into that of the great Anglo-Saxon nation. We have a continuation of Captain Speke's adventures in the land of the Somalis, which we noticed in a late number, and which is still further to be continued. Without the high aims which invest with heroic interest the explorations of Dr. Livingstone or Dr. Krapf, Captain Speke will take rank with those who have done good service to their country, and been pioneers of trade and civilisation. The story of "Norman Sinclair," part 5, is also continued. This number of "Blackwood" excels in poetry. To a classical reader, the rendering of one of the inimitable descriptions of Juvenal will possess great interest. The story of "Domitian and the Turbot" is one of the most comic, as well as one of the most graphic, illustrations of frivolity to be found in that great satirist. Many of the finer allusions contained in single epithets of the Roman, are, however, missed in the translation. There is a beautiful touch of irony in the "Calvo Neroni," as Juvenal calls Domitian, which it requires a commentator to explain. Domitian's ferocity took a pride in being thought as formidable and detestable as Nero, but he was ashamed of being "bald." Mr. P. S. Worsley is qualifying for such a poet as may afterwards publish his collected pieces as a "Septuagenarian." His sonnet on Milton does not come up to those of that great poet, but undoubtedly exceeds the Tupperian standard. Other two pieces of his exhibit tolerably easy versification, and many religious sentiments, though adumbrated pretty plainly after Longfellow. But for the signature of "H." we might have attributed to a well-known professor and writer in that book of fun, "Bon Gaultier," the lay on the "Fight for the Belt." The stanzas where the "Quaker bruiser," who scowled when he met a gentleman, and the "Flashy Chancellor" himself bearing marks of punishment at the hand of "Ben," and "Pam still jaunty," are supposed, in the poet's mind, to be present at the fight for the championship, while the "Bedford Bantam of the Cabinet staid at home to nurse his little Bill, that weak and misbegotten grandchild," remind us of versification of old days, which the repeal of the corn-laws, called forth from the pen of Aytoun.

"Fraser" opens this month with the first part of an essay on "Physical Theories of Life," of which we postpone all notice till its completion. "Gryll Grange," "Wheat and Tares," and "The Literary Suburb of the Eighteenth Century," are all continued; and we have another of those delightful papers of A. K. H. B., "Concerning Growing Old," which, if less flashing than some of its predecessors, is full of wholesome truth put in a genial style. There are two articles to which we would particularly call attention—"The Difficulties of Political Prophecy," and "The Rochdale Pioneers." In the former, it is suggested that attempts at political prophecy should be made by thinkers upon politics, who, describing "with accuracy the present aspect



of affairs," "estimating carefully the political forces in movement," should "say what appear to them to be the likely results." A variety of advantages would accrue from this practice, not the least important of which would be a distrust of all those phrases in history, which, though put in a prophetic form, are really "founded upon subsequent knowledge of the event." The second paper to which we have alluded, proceeds, as we suspect, from the pen of Mr. Percy Greg, and contains a most interesting and lucid account of the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers. The verses on "The Redbreast" are rather feeble. We are promised in all future numbers of "Fraser" "A chronicle of Current History," after the style of the *Chronique* of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." If well executed, this should be a most valuable addition.

"Colburn's New Monthly" has a capitally-written paper on "The Chances of Invasion." The view taken is alarmist, and is well supported. "Ransacking in a Royal Writing-desk" is an account of the letters, royal and historical, of the reign of Henry IV., in the form of a review of the new volume of the series of original documents now being published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. "The Protestant Church at Metz" is most interesting, and well worthy of perusal. The article on "Prince Dolgoroukov's Russia" and the biography of "François Canrobert, Marshal of France," are also well worth reading: the former as giving us information about a country of which we know little and ought to know more; the latter as telling us something of the antecedents of a man with whom we English may at some future time become better acquainted, voluntarily or otherwise. The stanzas "After the Ball" are considerably above the average of review poetry.

The "Dublin University."—This month's number is scarcely up to the mark of the average excellence of the "Dublin University Magazine." Five articles are reviews of books. "An Analogy suggested by Essays and Reviews" notices two essays in that notable collection, those of Dr. Temple and Professor Baden Powell. Rather a hypercritical tone prevails, and we certainly do not agree with the writer in considering Mr. Mansel's erudite logic-chopping as "noble contributions to Christian psychology." They neither are such, nor did their author intend that they should be. "American Imaginings" is the title of a very appreciative review of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Transformation." "Paleontology" discusses Professor Owen's last work, and also, alas! the inevitable Darwin and his species. It would be refreshing to pick up a review without an article on Natural Selection, for really the world of review-readers is beginning to be somewhat wearied of the subject. Surely it would be wiser to reserve it until the Parliamentary recess. "My Greatest Fright" is uncommonly weak and feeble. The best article, no doubt, is the profound and interesting account of "The Progress of French Agriculture," with which the Magazine closes. With such a formidable host of youthful opponents in the field, we must certainly warn our old friend; "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen."

"Macmillan's."—The article on "The Suffrage" by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, with which "Macmillan" opens, is scarcely so striking as we should have expected from such a writer treating of such a subject. It follows the views of Mill and Hare, and perhaps may be useful in extending to a class as yet ignorant of them, the doctrines of those sagacious thinkers, and infecting a larger number than at present with "zeal for the moral as superior to the material interests of the community." Mr. Maurice's concluding words are most excellent: he hopes that though the present bill is "practically dead," "wise men will exert themselves to devise some measure which shall meet the necessities of this time, because it is in accordance with principles that belong to all times." We heartily say, Amen. "Shelley in Pall Mall" is a very pleasant bit of gossip concerning the connection between Shelley and Stockdale, the publisher of some of his earliest works. The narrative of the saving of the crew of a Spanish vessel by the "Ramsgate Life-Boat" last February is most graphic and interesting. "Poet's Corner, or an English Writer's Tomb," is an account of a visit to Sterne's grave, and moots the question

whether he was handed over to the surgeons after death, as stated in Malone's "Life," by Prior. The dialogue entitled, "The Boundaries of Science," discussing the theory of Natural Selection, is spiritedly written. The remarks on Indian policy in the article on "Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Wilson" are most able and thoughtful, and we strongly recommend them to all members of the "collective wisdom," who wish to vote intelligently, and not at the bidding of the whipper-in. The stanzas entitled "The Elder's Daughter," are touchingly written. Altogether, the number for June is excellent.

The "Cornhill" for June opens with a paper on "London, the Stronghold of England," consisting of a very important series of military memoranda. Imagine an invasion of England, that the channel fleet was evaded, decoyed away, or defeated; imagine next that a great battle is fought on the south side of the Thames, with disastrous issue to the English arms; what would there be to prevent the French marching upon London, the seat of the richest, most peopled, yet most defenceless city in the world, and striking a paralysing blow at the kingdom's heart? Without being alarmists, we think that such a contingency in the chapter of events is very possible. The invasion of England is a very fit subject for political speculation; a year or two may witness the event. Almost every capital in Europe has been occupied by a hostile force, and it is only a foolish mistaken patriotism that would claim absolute exemption for our own. The great Duke was quite alive to the probabilities of the subject. The question is frequently discussed on the Continent, and foreign military critics are about agreed on the possibility of the capture of London. The writer of the article before us argues strongly and ably for the fortification of London. Surround London with lines similar to those of Torres Vedras, where Massena's army melted away before those famous little earthen redoubts. We should then be in comparative safety; a defeat would not necessarily be a destruction; we should gain time, and the fate of England would not be staked upon a single engagement. Ulm would not have decided the fate of Vienna, nor Jena the fate of Berlin, if in either case the defeated army had been able to rally within the fortifications of the capital. The practical suggestions connected with the subject are easy and comprehensive. London need not be surrounded with an immense wall, or necessarily be assimilated to the historical cities of the Continent. On the contrary, its defences may be made so unobtrusive that the metropolis would be almost unaware of the strong safeguards provided for its security. A reference to the diagram that accompanies the paper will best explain the proposed plan. The expense is comparatively little; would not exceed the million which Mr. Gladstone's rhetoric so nearly persuaded us to fling lavishly away. The present number concludes the first volume of this prosperous serial. "Lovel the Widower" is brought to a conclusion, though we have no doubt we shall hear something of "Lovel Married" in the next number. The present contains some most telling and effective scenes, such as Mr. Thackeray has never surpassed. The first series of "Studies in Animal Life" also comes to a conclusion, with a very interesting sketch of Cuvier. "Framley Parsonage" is continued, as usual, with interest and grace; perhaps the dialogue rather lags; we predict that Miss Dumstable will really be married at last. We need scarcely say that this month's paper on "William Hogarth" is learned and picturesque—and discursive; so discursive, in fact, that, according to the present plan, the author would be able to continue it through about five hundred numbers. There is an account of the Austrian civil service, a little overdrawn perhaps, but interesting and amusing. The paper to which we would lastly call attention, is the "Poor Man's Kitchen," which contains practical suggestions of great weight.

The "Eclectic."—This spirited monthly keeps up its character. We have two very readable articles of the lighter sort, "By the River's Side," being a short account of Roman and Saxon London, pleasantly written; and "Down in a Diving Bell," decidedly the best account we have ever read of a descent in that amphibious machine. Two papers

of a more substantial character are the one on "A Revision of the Authorised Version," written in a spirit of admirable fairness, and throwing great light on the discussion; and the other, on "The Papacy," which is open to the objection which applies to so much that is written on the subject in this country. It is too much bent upon finding selfishness and falsehood in Romanism, and will not recognise any virtue in any stage of it; much less will it regard the Papacy with the same dispassionate philosophy that would be shown to any other historical phenomenon.

"English Woman's Journal."—The opening article, being the first instalment of an account of "Education in France," seems to us to go to a depth which the subject scarcely requires. What a terrible exordium this is: "Let us in the first place recapitulate the history of education in France from the decline of the Roman Empire to the present day." Surely a picture of the actual condition of French education in our own time would be more useful and seasonable than an account of the schools of Alcuin and the University of the Sorbonne. The article on "Assisted Emigration," and "Institutions for the Employment of Needlewomen," are of that humane and thoroughly practical sort, which is the leading and most praiseworthy feature of this journal. That on needlewomen is particularly excellent. The most interesting little notice that we have seen for a long time is the account (in the "Ramble with Mrs. Grundy") of the Victoria Printing Press, where it seems thirteen young women and girls are employed in the business of the compositor. But in fact we recommend the "English Woman's Journal" to the regular attention of all those men and women who take an interest in social improvement. Its suggestions are always sensible, and mostly very feasible; if large numbers would be induced to assist in carrying them out, we should soon be rid of more than one "social evil."

The "Gentleman's Magazine" contains more than its usual amount of valuable archaeological and antiquarian information. One of the most interesting papers is that "On Roman History, from Coins."

The "National" for June, contains one or two very smartly-written effusions, amongst which we may particularly mention "Pedestrianism," and "Breach of Promise Cases." The fiction in this number is also very pleasant and readable. The engravings are as good as usual.

We have also received the following:—

"Chambers' Encyclopedia." Part 15 and 16.

"Comprehensive History of India." Part 27-30. (Blackie.)

"Comprehensive History of England." Part 29-30. (Blackie.)

"History of England." Part 51. (Knight.)

"English Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences." Part 17. (Bradbury and Evans.)

"The Leisure Hour." Part 101.

"One of Them." By Charles Lever. Part 7. (Chapman and Hall.)

"The Hurst Johnian." No. 22.

#### PAMPHLETS.

"Direct Taxation: an Enquiry." By Leonard H. Courtney, M.A., fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and barrister-at-law. (Bell and Daldy.)

"Biographie Militaire et Politique de Wellington." Par le Colonel Baron de Saurce. (Allen.)

A GREAT HISTORICAL COLLECTION of English and foreign manuscripts, and articles of vertu, about to be offered to public competition during the present month, by Messrs. Chinnock and Galsworthy. The catalogue contains 1,200 lots, which is only the first portion of the collection. When such manuscripts as those of Cardinal Beaufort, Richard III., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Charles I., Charles II., Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, including some parchment documents in reference to Shakespeare, with the counterpart of the lease of his house, are mentioned, it will be sufficient to attract the attention of the public. There is also the celebrated Garrick Vase, made especially for, and presented to, David Garrick; the Key of the Bastille, and many hundred volumes of manuscripts of all kinds, with numerous historical mementoes of the great Napoleon.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE OFFICES of *The Literary Gazette* having been removed to No. 4, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C., the Editor will feel obliged if Correspondents and Advertisers will, in future, forward their communications to that address.

## The Literary Gazette.

## EDUCATIONAL GRANTS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

We have coupled together these two subjects, with the intention of illustrating the relation in which they stand to each other, and which perhaps is not generally appreciated. The public are now in almost daily expectation of seeing, in the shape of a blue-book of more than ordinary interest the results of evidence taken, and of opinions founded thereon, by a commission appointed nearly three years ago at the instance of Sir John Pakington, to consider the whole subject of national education. Our readers are aware that the large sum annually granted by Parliament is administered under the direction of a committee of the Privy Council, whose regulations on the whole, since they came first into operation about twenty years ago, have given at least such satisfaction that no one now dreams of substituting an entirely new scheme. While Parliament at first was induced to vote with difficulty £30,000 or £50,000 yearly to aid popular education, sums are now proposed and voted for public education in Great Britain alone—exclusive of the grant for Ireland, exclusive of what falls to the province of science and art, and of various universities, the Museum, and royal societies—to the extent of £800,000. Last year this sum was exceeded by nearly £40,000, and the causes of the present diminution we shall advert to in the course of discussing the heads under which it is spent. The magnitude of the sum, and apparently large annual increase until now, have excited the attention of statesmen and financiers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer looks aghast at the sum which may be needed—some say that double the original sum will soon be required if the people generally are to obtain necessary education; others, again, say three millions, or 3d. in the pound out of every man's income in the country, will be swallowed up, including Ireland and the various science and art departments.

We shall have to advert to the consideration whether these vast sums are necessary, whether great improvements on the present system are required, and how far education may be encouraged by other means than by extending the Privy Council grants; and this naturally leads us to consider the subject of the civil service examinations.

We must take for granted that the views of those who object to state assistance at all, either as objectionable in itself, as checking private charity, or as leading many schools and parents to seek for public aid who do not require it, need not here be regarded. We must also pass *sub silentio* over the religious difficulties of the question, and assume that till a better system is devised, that hitch, both here and in Ireland, where it chiefly arises, is to be passed over; not that either the religious view or that regarding state support at all is devoid of importance, but within the limits of these remarks it is impossible adequately even to state their perplexities.

Let us consider, then, how far the present system meets the present need, and how far it is deficient. We must, to begin, take exception to the extravagant notions on the matter broached in the Report of the Committee of Council of 24th May, 1859.

The information given was valuable, that at schools under Government inspection 934,000 children were in regular daily attendance. This of itself proves that a vast amount of good is being effected, but those who perceive this are generally ready to over-ride their hobby. Does any one believe that extension is required or could be useful up to the point of three millions of children being placed at school, each for twelve years? The statistics are arrived at thus:—According to the census of 1851, the whole number of children between the ages of three and fifteen, amounts to very nearly five millions, or one-fourth of the entire population of England and Wales. Of these a very large number must be deducted for sickness or being taught at home. We should hope that between the ages of three and seven at least the very great proportion of English children may, as the labouring classes advance in wages and comfort, be taught at home. But, making full allowance for these, it is considered that before the labouring classes can be fully instructed, as is desirable, teachers and schools must be provided for three millions of scholars. The calculation, we think, is based on a hypothesis which must at once appear to be unsubstantial. If children are to be at school twelve years, what are they to be taught? Does it require twelve, or even six years, to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic? And, supposing it did, are the labouring classes, under any conceivable circumstances, likely to be able to keep their children at school after eleven or twelve, especially if they have been there from three or four years of age? Surely four years' instruction, not commencing too early, should be sufficient for tolerable reading and spelling, and such writing and arithmetic as are likely to benefit the mass of our population. But allow six; if that will not suffice, we say better instruct many of the labouring classes in acquiring manual dexterity, and allow such as are fitted for it by inclination, or not imperatively prevented by circumstances, to acquire further knowledge in evening classes from the age of 12 or 14 up to 18 or 20, while engaged in the active business of life. This view, then, at once reduces the number of children to be at school from three to one-and-a-half millions. Suppose the total 800,000, needed for the present million, further extension shrinks to a moderate compass of £1,200,000 or thereabouts. But is even all this so absolutely necessary? One of the largest items of expenditure, more than one-third of the whole, is that for pupil-teachers. It was assumed that for 3,000,000 scholars, 30,000 teachers would be needed. Certainly, one master for 100 scholars was not too much. This number, however, on our view, diminishes to one-half. Now we find, from the notes appended to this year's estimates, that the total number of pupil-teachers is 15,224; at the end of 1855 it was 14,024. Even the Privy Council saw that it was necessary to check the vast annual increase, and the numbers have now been limited. We doubt whether much more is needed than to keep up the number of 15,000. Let it be granted that a schoolmaster's life, as such, ought not to be beyond fifteen years; such is the term of service to entitle a schoolmaster at present—though then only coupled with age or bodily infirmity—to a pension; and, at the utmost, besides supplying vacancies from deaths among the pupil-teachers themselves before they go out as teachers, not more than 1,000 new admissions to their ranks are annually necessary. About 30% is the cost of a pupil-teacher, being the gratuity to himself, rising from 10l. to 20l. during the five years of apprenticeship, and a fee to his instructor. In this view, then, we think that the present sum allotted for these is amply sufficient. Owing to bad regulations, such pupil-teachers are now often candidates for Government Civil Service appointments. Let a pupil-teacher, by all means, attempt this; and we know that, when they enter with others on an open competition, they are generally near the top of the list; but if you are to confer on lads from 18 to 20 or 22, situations beginning from 80l. or 100l. a-year, and rising to 200l., 300l., or more; let, at any rate, some security, when practical, be taken that the cost to the State, during the five years when the pupil has been gaining his education, shall be repaid. If something like this is not done—and we do not profess to suggest the practical mode exactly—the feeling of the public agains



persons thus gaining rewards for themselves, and changing their station in life, after they obtained assistance only from the object which the State had in educating them—namely, to obtain a staff of future schoolmasters—will rise, and undoubtedly overthrow this part of the system.

This year the grant for "building, enlarging, and furnishing of school-houses, elementary and normal," is somewhat diminished. £150,000 was granted last year, and with the aid of voluntary subscriptions, 247 school-rooms were built, and 230 enlarged or improved. Of course, as the population increases new school-houses will be annually required: but at the rate of 500 a-year, what remains of the parishes of England and Wales ought soon to be accommodated, and probably a diminution rather than an increase in the money required on this head may after a few years be looked for.

The vote for capitulation grants given for nearly 200,000 children in the rural and smaller unincorporated towns in England and Wales, is probably one which should be increased. The grant to training schools is this year stated at £100,000, instead of £122,000. The establishment expenses of the office in London, and for inspectors, of course is to be expected to be an annually increasing one. If there is any diminution in the estimates, we regret it is in the item of ragged and industrial schools. We hope it arises accidentally, either that more money was taken for a former year than was needed, or else that the first sweep of the net was the largest, and that the supplies of criminals being dried up at the source, it may be that the classes which supply the numbers may be diminishing, either from voluntary efforts alone, or from the Government aid combined with such.

Supposing, then, that the present system is on the whole maintained, we think that what are by far the heavier items of the Education Bill annually drawn on John Bull ought not to increase. The capitulation grants—£65,000, increase to the salaries of schoolmasters £109,000, the establishment office and inspection £63,000—may possibly in a few years mount up from £230,000 or thereabouts, to £300,000 or £350,000. But enough is spent on pupil-teachers and Queen's scholarships, and from this even something may well be saved to supply and augment such useful grants as maps and books and retiring pensions: and probably £1,000,000 for England and Wales (Scotland being partly supplied from the land assessment in each parish) will be the maximum required for years to come for advancing the general education of the people.

From incidental remarks it may be inferred that we shall answer the second question, whether great improvements in the system are required, principally in the negative. So long as religious differences exist, it seems next to impossible to devise any very different mode—though there are some suggestions of Mr. Lowe on the subject worthy of consideration. As to the necessary of having separate inspectors for the various sects who participate in the grants, it is suggested that clergymen need not necessarily be employed for the Church of England Schools. If qualified laymen can be found, theologically we do not see much objection to the proposal, though, if it causes alarm, any benefit likely to arise from the change would be far out-balanced by the evil resulting. The great point on which the system will be attacked is that of pupil-teachers. Many think that monitors would perform the duties more efficiently; but by whatever name they are called, it is more the abuse, and the over-riding of the hobby, which is to be guarded against; and even the Privy Council, though, like other bodies, slow to move, have begun to see their error. In Ireland, as might be expected from the greater comparative poverty, as well as greater ignorance, much more than what would be the fair proportion according to the population of England, is annually required. But the relative increase has a limit: and as Ireland prospers and her lewamy is made up, according to numbers she ought only to require one-fourth of the cost for England, instead of one-third, as is now the case.

The Civil Service Examinations, which have been in operation for more than five years, have fully shown the great need of general diffusion of education, even among a higher class than that

which most urgently needs Government assistance. For many of the inferior offices in the Post-office, and the lower employments in Customs, Excise, &c., the requirements are not great: writing and orthography, arithmetic not higher than vulgar and decimal fractions, a little geography, and history. And though in some instances higher acquirements are wished, yet it is almost always in spelling or simple arithmetic that a candidate breaks down. There are, as is well known, two or three modes in which the examination acts—either it tests the fitness of a person nominated for a Government appointment, when the knowledge necessary to pass is but small; or else it determines the superiority of one out of about five of candidates nominated to compete; or more rarely it picks out the best from the field for a batch of appointments thrown open to all respectable comers. When it is known that in 1859 about two thousand chiefly of the lower situations to which we allude came under the rule as to examination, and that for 259 situations 1,179 competed, including 391 who came forward for nine clerkships in the India-office when they were open to the field, the influence which such a system, capable as it is of much greater extension, will exercise on public education, can hardly be over-estimated. Notwithstanding defects and difficulties, though many find fault with the arbitrary nature of the rules, or the admission of all classes to what was considered the right of those who had political influence to back them, the feeling in favour of extending public competition as against special patronage is increasing with all unprejudiced persons, and will sustain the system against the under-currents which work against it. Mr. Gladstone has defended it, as a valuable stimulus to education throughout the country. He might possibly have gone farther, and said that if the public shrink from the annual increase of educational grants, the best way to beget, among the poorer classes especially, the desire for better education, is to show that it has its direct pecuniary value; and that if, as we think, the number of prizes and Queen's scholarships can be wisely diminished, extension of competition for civil service appointments will be the cheapest as well as fairest method of stimulating what cannot entirely be fostered by direct grants of money. Our space precludes us from entering into particulars as to these examinations, defending the Commissioners from the attacks made upon them, or advocating the extension of the system. We shall recur to the subject when the report of the committee, which we rejoiced to observe was lately appointed by the House of Commons, "in the view of affording greater facility for the admission of qualified persons," with the object, if possible, of extending open competition, shall become public; but we doubt not, from the evidence laid before it, that unless checked by the influence of those who are reluctant to give up private patronage, it will give a powerful impetus to the views we advocate, as those of justice and as calculated to aid national education.

#### THE WEEK.

It is not often, even in our much-abused climate, that the month of May takes its departure from among us with such a bad grace as this year. Whitsuntide—the great season of excursion trains and pleasure-parties—has this year been as stormy and cold as if it had fallen in February, instead of being the last week of the so-called "sunny" May. A cold raw air, with an abundance of rain and violent gales, have been the characteristics of the last week, and this year those who are tied up in London can scarcely feel the customary misanthropy, which those odious advertisements of excursion trains to Hastings, St. Leonards, &c., always inspire in the unlucky man whose calling binds him to the heat, dust, and stench of London. It must have been a sorrowful time for the school-children, whose special holiday this is.

The Legislature, of course, have taken their holiday with their usual avidity, and consequently there is some dearth of political intelligence. Lord Palmerston has been in Hampshire, and Mr. Gladstone at Maidenhead, the guest of the Duke of Sutherland. Mr. Bright, who loves to make work for

himself when circumstances do not save him that trouble, has been in Manchester, attending a meeting of the Lancashire Reformers' Union. Mr. Bright in Manchester always reminds us of Ben Caunt presiding over a convivial meeting at the Coach and Horses. There he is with his sleeves rolled up, displaying the extent of his knocking-down qualifications, speaking in loud braggadocio terms of his former exploits, pronouncing dogmatic opinions, which no one there, as he well knows, can controvert; and exclaiming, "I am Sir Oracle." He is, in fact, the cock of the middle. Seeing the same Ben Caunt before the Middlesex magistrates, you would hardly recognise him; and in the same way, John Bright in the House of Commons is scarcely to be identified with John Bright of Manchester and the demi-god of the Lancashire Reformers' Union. It is always easy to know beforehand what John Bright is going to say; it is the old story over and over again, till everybody is wearied of "battered priests," and "effete aristocracy," and the like phrases. *Appropos* of Bright: his brother-in-law, the notorious Mr. Leatham, the quondam member for Wakefield, has indited a letter to the "Times," to say that whilst he does not deny that he is Mr. Bright's brother-in-law, he entirely disavows anything like political discipleship.

The all-absorbing object of public interest in connection with foreign politics is the expedition of Garibaldi. The jealousy and strict surveillance of the Neapolitan authorities, and the utter falsehood of all the reports coming from such a source, are the causes of this anxiety. There appeared to be no doubt that Garibaldi received some sort of repulse near Palermo, but the official despatches turned out to be mere fabrications, and Garibaldi is at this time in possession of Palermo.

#### LADY FRANKLIN AND SIR LEOPOLD M'CINTOCK.

On Monday last, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, Lord Grey de Ripon, presented in the name of the society the founder's gold medal to Lady Franklin, and the patron's medal to Sir F. L. M'Cintock. Sir Roderick Murchison received the medal for Lady Franklin, and returned thanks in a touching speech. He stated that it would afford Lady Franklin great satisfaction if Parliament would confer some suitable reward on the men and officers of the *Fox*. No persons certainly ever had a better title to the honours of the Geographical Society, "the highest the society could confer," than Lady Franklin for the perseverance with which she maintained her noble designs, and Sir L. M'Cintock for the able and self-sacrificing way in which he carried them out.

#### THE LAST OF THE AMERICAN "DIFFICULTY."

On Wednesday evening there was a large assemblage of persons to witness the ratification of the treaty between Sayers and Heenan. Mr. Dowling presented Heenan with the champion's belt, and Mr. Wilkes, the American editor, "did the same friendly office," to use the parlance of the ring, for Mr. Sayers. The florid periods of the American journalist will scarcely be appreciated by a stolid Britisher, and the stupefaction with which Sayers listened to them, was only equalled by the gusto with which the writer rolled them forth. It is rumoured that Mr. E. T. Smith, "the enterprising lessee," &c., &c., has hired the two combatants for purposes of exhibition: be that as it may, they are going to "star it" by sparring in the provinces, after which Sayers is to prove the hospitality of the United States. The repetition of the ceremony of presentation seems to us irresistibly ludicrous. Imagine a clergyman presented with a silver teapot going through the ceremonial four or five times! It will probably be a very long time before we hear of another such prize-fight. Action and reaction are always equal, and the excitement which has just begun to subside, will perhaps never again be caused on a similar occasion. This may reconcile us to the extravagance of the public feeling on the subject.

#### THE NEW BISHOP.

Lord Shaftesbury, in spite of his hostile vote at the beginning of last week, does not seem to have lost his influence in episcopal elections. He has now inflicted two sore wounds on the Chancellor of the Exchequer within seven days. He has helped

to throw out the repeal of the paper duty, and he has heaped to prefer a prelate whose religious views are utterly odious in Mr. Gladstone's nostrils. The Hon. and Right Reverend Montague Villiers, the once popular preacher of Bloomsbury, and the present bishop of Carlisle, is to travel a few score miles eastward, and become bishop of Durham. Who is to fill the see thus made vacant is not known, and in the present ecclesiastical condition of the ministry, it is impossible to make any conjecture. He may be of broad, low, or high opinions; or, like a lately appointed prelate, he may have no opinions at all. Whoever he may be, he will not take a seat in the Lords for some time.

#### THE RECENT STORM.

It is a long time since there has been such a disastrous storm as that which visited our coast on Monday last. The loss of life and destruction of property has been something appalling. At Yarmouth a number of spectators on the beach underwent the horror of seeing the entire crew of a vessel washed away from the rigging man by man, whilst the life-boat, which would probably have been able to rescue them, did not put off in consequence of some disgraceful and fatal wranglings as to who should take the command. At the same spot no less than eight ships, with crews of forty or fifty men, all went down in the roads. All along the coast, at Flamborough Head and at the mouth of the Tyne, similar catastrophes were occurring. One of the most tragic incidents connected with this awful hurricane is the foundering of a Dutch vessel, bound on an excursion from Rotterdam to Zwole; eighty lives are reported to have been lost. These horrible events make us forget the damage done by the storm to fruit and crops, though this is very considerable. It is probable that the mischief and destruction arising from the present gale, is scarcely less than that of the fearful gales of October last.

#### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

There is a paper in "Fraser" this month, by Mr. James Spedding, containing some very valuable "suggestions for the improvement of the reading department of the British Museum," which we trust will meet with the attention of Mr. Panizzi. That gentleman has so fully earned the gratitude of the literary public by what he has already done, that we believe he will not refuse to go still further. Mr. Spedding makes a variety of suggestions, one of the most important of them referring to an improvement of the catalogue, which he maintains might be effected by putting up a box, and inviting readers to put therein, for the subsequent consideration of the authorities, any corrections or additional information which occurred to them. He also recommends that copies of the catalogue should be printed, so that the labour (and it is most considerable) of consulting that work might be done at home, so rendering the time in the reading-room more available. Another hint of great value is, that the various collectors of MSS. in the three kingdoms ought to have more acquaintance with each other. Mr. Spedding says it has always appeared to him "that the trustees of the British Museum might make more use of their place and power to excite the guardians of other repositories to examine and communicate the contents of them." We repeat our hope that the Museum authorities will consider these suggestions. No one who frequents the reading-room can help being grateful for the attention which the officials, one and all, pay to the readers. The fulfilment of Mr. Spedding's wishes, as expressed in the paper to which we have alluded, would go far to make it perfect.

#### THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Oxford, June 1.

WHAT A vast deal of business and pleasure is there comprised in the three weeks before us, at the end of which time Oxford will subside into a little, dull, quiet country town, with nothing left in it but the skeletons of University life—the bare walls of the colleges! Not but that this year the University's existence will be lengthened by the meeting of the *senators*, who are individually of the highest value, but collectively are known here by the irreverent

name of the Great British Ass. Every man's time is now so taken up, that one must pick and choose what to do, and still more what to talk about.

As that form of human excellence which is exhibited in physical prowess is just now eminently in the ascendant, one must give the first place to the great local sport of boat-racing. After eight continuous days—they rested on Sunday—the Balliol and Exeter boats keep respectively at the head of the river. For all that Balliol does in the learning of the University, it is not behind-hand in the *puerile sport* which muscle-worship commends, and holds its own at the head of the chief academical sport, as it has done with scanty intermissions for some years past.

Its place in the class-list just published is more extraordinary. This college has occupied the whole first. Such an occurrence has only happened twice before, and then in the infancy of the class system. Once, in 1809, a similar event happened for Brasenose, and it seems that the energy of the college was exhausted by this effort; once, in 1812, Corpus held the first-class to itself in the person of Justice Coleridge. In these latter days, these Pleistocene formations, no such an event has happened. You may remember that I told you how large a proportion of candidates for honours Balliol furnished. You may read all their names in the first and second classes. As they have got the first to themselves, so they have the majority of the second. One of the first-class men was the nephew of the late master, to whom the college was first indebted for its rise in the University, when he induced the fellows to lay aside the system of nomination to scholarships, and adopt that of examination.

There is an old story, understood to be based on fact, that a Duke of Newcastle—it was that eccentric old Margaret's husband—founded a riding school in Oxford, and that fabulous sums of money are lodged in the Vice-Chancellor's hands, from the accumulations of the fund created by his Grace. Any one of your readers who chooses to look into the last edition of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," will find in that accurate and laborious compiler, when this nobleman lived and died. Now Mr. Rarey has been here, and it is understood that he has made application to the Vice-Chancellor for the professorship which, in the remodelling of University funds and statutes, must be forthcoming from this ancient endowment. The particulars of this application, and the way in which it is likely to be met, have not transpired. The general impression is, that this distinguished gentleman will be the occupant of the expected chair. Meanwhile, the proposal that Mr. Rarey should be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law has been made by the same gentleman who informed the world that the Provost of Queen's would be the new Bishop of Durham. If I may be allowed to do so, I should advise your readers to believe these *on dits*. My business at any rate is to inform you of the state of the case, and leave the rest to their judgment. There is obviously nothing improbable in the report. The endowment is a matter of history, and the good which would result to the University from the professional teaching of Mr. Rarey is, to say the least, indisputable. If you could see at this time my friend the Reverend Mild Blank curvetting timidly down High Street, and looking, on his cob, as much like an ill-balanced sack of potatoes as may be imagined, you would not, I think, doubt the truth of the report I send you. I scorn the baseness of mentioning my friend's name except parabolically, but if he does not describe a parabola when he comes on horseback near the hideous fountain which has just been erected here, to the honour, and out of the funds, of the Right Honourable Edward Cardwell, M.P., his nag has a less distinct appreciation of his rider's genius, experience, and powers than I have. Rarey, I think, must play Pyramus.

After this, why speak of Sanscrit? But it is the case that in this little world of ours there has been, and will be, a good deal of excitement about the professorship which Mr. Wilson's death has caused. Three candidates are in the field—first in order of time is Mr. Max Müller; next is Mr. Monier Williams, lately professor of Sanscrit when Hailey-

bury existed; and, finally, a Mr. Cowell has turned up, who is now living somewhere or other in India. The contest will no doubt lie between the first two, and a tolerably tough struggle it will be, as the friends of both candidates are anxious and confident. The prize is the best which convocation has to give, being, it is said, worth £1,000 a-year. When Mr. Wilson was elected in 1832, Mr. Mill, late Hebrew professor of Cambridge, was a candidate, and the great Sanscrit scholar's election was carried by a very narrow majority.

The Middle Class examination—or rather the examination of those *qui non sunt de corpore universitatis*—begins in Oxford and thirteen other places on Tuesday next. Five hundred and eighty-eight juniors and three hundred and two seniors have entered their names. The number is slightly less than it was last year. After London, Manchester sends the largest quota. As yet the system has not got out of the experimental stage, and the refusal of Cambridge to co-operate in the Oxford details, hampers the work in some degree. The impediment at Cambridge is the title which "indoctus Cantaber" will not give under any amount of coaxing or persuasion. Whether Oxford was wise or not in voting the distinction of A.A. on the seniors is a question, but a fruitless one, since it is a matter of fact, and it is not very easy to retrace a step of this kind after it has once been made.

There is a rumour that the Prince of Wales will return to Oxford after the long vacation, and spend some time longer than was at first intended in the University. Whether he is to migrate to Cambridge afterwards is a question, which some of the papers seem, one would think, to have settled in the negative, if they are right in the rumours they spread about his being likely to be married to a German princess.

You know that Garibaldi's Englishman is an Oxford man, once of Worcester. One would like to learn whether he is with the heroic filibusters of Sicily. For sympathy with the great patriot, I believe Oxford has no rival; and I should not wonder, when the long vacation comes, if some adventurous Oxford men should find themselves in Sicily. You know, of course, that Signor Saffi, the chairman of the Sicilian fund committee, is one of our Oxford residents, and is acting as Italian teacher at the Taylor Institute. Oxford has always been a great resort of political exiles. Before the affairs of 1848, Bem, the Hungarian, had lived in Oxford for years.

CAMBRIDGE, May 31.

IN my last communication I briefly stated that the Senate had accepted, by a large majority, the offer of a subscription of £3,000 for the re-arrangement of the interior of Great St. Mary's Church. What it is proposed to do is to remove that great blot, the Doctors' Gallery—to remove the west gallery, and extend the north and south galleries to the west tower—to remove the pulpit to the north pier of the chancel arch, and bring the font from its present anomalous position into the church—to re-arrange the seats in the body of the church, so as to procure more accommodation for undergraduates, and to warm the church thoroughly; and a condition of the subscriptions is that Mr. G. G. Scott be employed as architect. The movement for improving the church has always received the opposition of the Master of Trinity, and it is not altogether improbable that the subscription has lagged in consequence thereof. He has always set himself against doing that very thing which most people have been anxious to see done, namely, interfering with the Doctors' Gallery, an erection which, it must be confessed, be its sins against ecclesiastical propriety what they may, is very convenient for "hearing sermons"—the main use, according to Dr. Whewell, of St. Mary's Church. In his zeal for the retention of this convenient and comfortable lounging place, he made the mistake of appealing to popular feeling against a tendency to exalt forms; but his opposition, it seems, produced very little effect, for it was determined to make the proposed alterations by a majority of four to one. I am afraid the £3,000 subscribed will not suffice for what is to be done; and it may be well to remind non-resident members of the University, who take an interest in a building



which must be more or less associated with the brightest period of their lives, that it is too soon to button up their pockets.

A gentleman who was, I believe, the oldest member of the University, died a fortnight ago. I allude to the Rev. Thomas Castley, M.A., formerly fellow of Jesus College, and incumbent of the college living of Cavendish, in the county of Suffolk. Mr. Castley had attained the great age of ninety-five years. He belonged to a long-lived family—his father, who was Senior Wrangler and Second Chancellor's Medallist in 1755, having lived through very nearly a century. The rectory of Cavendish is worth about £1,000 a-year, and is the best living in the gift of the college; it will probably fall to the lot of the Rev. C. S. Drake. Another incumbent of a Jesus College living has also reached beyond the usual term of human life. The Rev. E. Hibgame, vicar of Fordham, in this county, took his B.A. degree more than sixty-two years ago.

Every man who has passed through the Cambridge curriculum must retain a lively remembrance of Professor Sedgwick. He has always been a conspicuous and popular person, not less remarkable for the kindness and geniality of his disposition, than for his strong sense, his sterling acquirements as a man of science, and his humour as a lecturer. Years are beginning to tell upon his iron frame, but his attractive qualities remain, and he is as willing as ever to work for the gratification and instruction of others. Last Friday night he assumed the character of a popular lecturer, and told an audience of the middle classes at the Town Hall all about the fossils in the upper strata of the district of country round about here. Many of his hearers, I daresay, were very much astonished to learn that elephants, and rhinoceroses, and wolves, and great saurians, and pterodactyls, and many other monstrous objects, used to "live, and move, and have their being" where Cambridge now stands. The drainage of the fens is a subject exceedingly interesting in a scientific as well as in a material point of view. Professor Sedgwick has given a good deal of his attention to it; and he explained it on the occasion to which I refer, so as to make some who were present wonder that so much of science was mixed up with getting rid of water from bog land.

I think I mentioned in one of my former letters that the University Rifle Corps proposed to celebrate their establishment by a dinner, followed by a ball on the next day. The dinner, I ought to have mentioned in my last, was held on Monday week, in the hall of Corpus Christi College, upon a limited scale. It was postponed in the spring, in consequence, it was said, of the impossibility at that time of meeting with sufficiently extensive accommodation, and I believe that an open-air affair was contemplated in the present May term. But the project, somehow or other, did not take: the ball is given up, and the dinner dropped into a very moderate gathering. It is not to be inferred from this that the rifle movement is becoming unpopular; nothing of the kind, there is no decrease of spirit in that respect; only, perhaps, a good many young men did not altogether fancy paying fifteen shillings for a dinner one day, and thirty shillings for a ball the next, besides all the etceteras.

Last year the undergraduates of Queen's College set an example by giving a very agreeable concert in the College Hall, which the fellows gave up to them. It was quite a little success in its way; and they were encouraged by the satisfaction expressed to repeat this experiment this year. Their second concert was held last Monday evening. I understand, too, that a zealous musician, a fellow of St. John's, who recently got up an amateur performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," in the hall of Downing College, intends to "do" "Midsummer Night's Dream" in a similar way, in his own rooms, next Monday; and a few nights afterwards another musical entertainment, upon a more extensive scale, is to come off in the same college. These things are not exactly public occurrences; but they form a feature in Cambridge life which I am justified in alluding to.

I don't think that people have got reconciled to the oddity of making Mr. Kingsley Professor of Modern History. It is looked upon as a piece of eccentricity, out of which amusement, rather than

dignified instruction, is likely to come. The new professor took his B.A. degree eighteen years ago, but he did not think it necessary to proceed in the ordinary way to M.A.; and it was only last week, after he was made professor, that he donned the master's gown which he might have put on in 1845.

The architectural congress has been busy all the week. They began on Monday, and finished to-day with a trip to Bury St. Edmund's. It does not fall within my province to write you a report of all that has been said and done. The feature of the congress, I think, has been the addresses of Professor Willis, who has been for a long time engaged upon an architectural history of the University, which I was glad to hear him say is now in the printer's hands. No man has claims at all comparable to those of Professor Willis as historian of the architecture of Cambridge. He has devoted a great deal of time and labour to the subject of late years, and his book will doubtless be a very valuable one. The congress did not attract a particularly large number of eminent men, and I believe the Cambridge contribution to the preliminary gathering at Waltham Abbey was perfectly insignificant.

A large glazed oil-painting of a ruined Greek temple and landscape, purchased by subscription, I understand, has just arrived at the Fitzwilliam Museum. I cannot give any particulars of it yet. It is a beautiful and highly-finished work, with some pre-Raphaelitism in the foliage and rocks.

## MUSIC.

### HER MAJESTY'S.

"Don Giovanni" was given at Her Majesty's Theatre on the "extra night" with considerable alterations in the cast. Mr. Gassier made his first appearance, since his return from America, in the character of the hero; Signor Everardi replaced (?) Violetti as Leporello, and Sebastiano Ronconi took the part of Masetto. The part of Don Giovanni did not appear to suit Mr. Gassier as well as it did Signor Everardi. His voice, of so rich a quality and powerful when thrown out frankly, seemed heavy in the light passages with which the music is studded, yielding unwillingly to the inflexible time of the conductor's baton. On the other side Everardi's Leporello, although well studied, and in many cases worthy of the applause which greeted him, was not in any way suited to his abilities, being written entirely for a bass voice. Whatever imperfections might have been imputed to Violetti, he fulfilled that most important qualification of possessing the voice for which the part is written, and that is of no small consideration in the many concerted pieces in which Leporello's deep notes sustain and throw out all the other voices. Signor Ronconi as Masetto was original and effective, giving life and animation to his acting of that less important character. The rest of the opera was cast as usual.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Madame Nantier Didiée made her *début* for the season at this house on Saturday last. The opera chosen for the occasion was the "Gazza Ladra," in which the talented *débütante* sustained the character of Pippo with more than usual success. Madame Penco was, of course, Ninetta, for in the absence of Madame Grisi we know of no one in Mr. Gye's company who could more fitly undertake it. Her conception of the part was marked with some original traits, which would alone suffice to insure it a careful hearing. Throughout the evening, in her portrayal of the passions and sufferings of the unfortunate maid, Madame Penco never allowed herself to exaggerate, but gave a natural interpretation of the composer's ideas. Her acting, indeed, was superior to her singing. There was an unsteadiness and want of definition in the articulation of the words in the cavatina, "Di piacer mi balza il cor," that made us doubt whether she would be equal to the arduous task before her. This defect passed off in a short time; and in the duet with Fernando, "Per questo amplesso," and the sweet introduction, "Come frenar il pianto," she was charming. The duet "Il nembò e vicino" was a little too fast, so that much of its effect was lost. In the trial scene, Madame Penco astonished us most

with her dramatic power; but her greatest merit lies in the finished execution of the duet with Pippo in the prison—"E ben per mia memoria" and "L'ultimo estante," which elicited an enthusiastic encore; in this honour Madame Nantier Didiée equally shared; and indeed in every song which fell to her part she acquitted herself surprisingly. Her rendering of the difficult drinking song, "Tocchiamo, beviamo," was perfect. Of M. Faure's *Fernando* we cannot say much that is good. He evidently is not at home in Rossinian music, and finds some difficulty in the enunciation of the words of the part. In a dramatic point of view his conception of it was first-rate: sometimes, however, the vehemence of his passion materially affected the correctness of his vocalisation. A little more practice will enable him to do more justice to the difficult music, for there is no denying that he is a singer and an actor endowed with great talents, and well deserving his reputation in both capacities on the foreign stage. Signor Gardoni sang the part of Giannetto with his accustomed sweetness. His B flat and falsetto, "Ma quel piacer che adesso," were most telling; in fact the whole air was sung to perfection. Ronconi was, as he always is in what he undertakes, inimitable as the libertine, Podesta. His "Il mio piano è preparato," was the finest specimen of genuine buffo singing we have heard for some time past. He was not so successful in the trio "Oh Nume Benefico," with Ninetta and Fernando, which wanted power: much, too, of his part was omitted, probably to avoid a prolongation of the performance after midnight. It only remains to make honourable mention of Signor Tagliafico, Madlle. Cotti, and Signor Lucchesi, who sustained the subordinate characters with great efficiency. It would be a work of supererogation to criticise the conduct of the orchestra on this occasion. It even surpassed its former efforts, and gained a most enthusiastic encore for the overture—a work of the highest merit in itself, but when played as on Saturday night under Mr. Costa's direction, more than usually captivating to an audience. The house was crowded in every part. The long-announced Operatic Concert came off in the Floral Hall on Wednesday, with undoubted success. We reserve our criticism until next week's issue.

### MR. ALLAN IRVING'S CONCERT.

We are glad to see that this clever baritone's talents are appreciated in a manner which places beyond all doubt the sterling quality of his singing. The audience which was gathered together at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday last, when he gave his annual grand concert, proves how highly his reputation stands among the best classes of society. If the company was brilliant, not less so was the talent enlisted for the occasion. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Eyles, Miss Augusta Thomson, Madame Laura Baxter, and Madame Louisa Vinning, and Mr. George Perren; Herr Ries, Mr. C. Salaman, Herr Engel and Mr. F. Mori assisted instrumentally. Each and all acquitted themselves admirably, and did full justice to the selections which comprised the programme—in itself characterised by great taste and judgment.

### MR. MELCHER WINTER'S CONCERT.

This gentleman, in conjunction with Mr. Benjamin Wells, gave a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms last Monday evening. They were assisted by Mr. and Madame Weiss, Madame Sainton Dolby, Miss Mahlah Homer, and Miss Chipperfield. Wallace's "Home of my Heart" was sung by Mr. Winter with great taste, also Lütz's "Under the linden tree" and Brahms's "Nelson," in all of which he was warmly applauded. His collaborateur played several flute solos most charmingly; he was assisted in a trio by Mr. Sander and Mr. Carey, who acquitted themselves creditably, although their performance was not of the most brilliant nature. Madame Sainton Dolby sang with great feeling Hatten's ballad "Day and Night," and Mr. Weiss secured the favourable suffrages of the audience in "The Village Blacksmith."

### MADAME RIEDER'S CONCERT.

This lady, whose appearance in London has created so favourable an impression among musical circles, gave a *matinée musicale* at Campden House, Kensington, last week. The audience was of a particularly *distinguished* character, and by its numbers

testified how much her singing is appreciated. The artists engaged for the occasion were Miss Augusta Thomson and Miss Lascelles; Signor Oliva and M. De Fontanier; Madlle. Fanny Rubine, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. S. Pratten, Herr Becker and M. Paque assisted as soloists. A happy feature in the programme was its variety. The first part opened with a trio in E flat (Hummel), brilliantly executed by Mr. L. Sloper, Herr Becker, and M. Paque. Madame Rieder succeeded with Mozart's air "Dove sono," which she sang with delightful finish, fairly earning the plaudits of her listeners. Madlle. Fanny Rubine's pianoforte solo "La Berceuse" with the valve, was altogether too fast and wanted taste; in other respects her execution proved her a perfect master of the instrument. Signor Oliva did well to revive Pacini's air "Ahi giusta pena io colsi," which suits his voice remarkably. Miss A. Thomson in "Caro nome" maintained her *prestige* as a scientific singer; her performance, however, was cold and wanted life. Of Herr Becker it is needless to say that his execution was everything that could be wished for, although we should have preferred a less hackneyed subject than that which he gave. At the termination of the first part, the audience removed to the miniature theatre attached to the house, where Victor Marse's amusing operette "Les Noces de Jeannette" was performed, Madame Rieder and M. De Fontanier sustaining the principal parts. Flute obligato, Mr. Sidney Pratten. The whole went off with great *éclat*, and proved Madame Rieder as clever a caterer as she is a singer for the amusement of her admirers.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### HATMARKET.

A new farce by Mr. J. M. Morton was produced at this theatre last Saturday night, with the title "Fitzmythe of Fitzmythe Hall," and well sustained the *prestige* of the author as one of the cleverest dramatists of the day. The story of the piece is soon told. Mr. Snoggins (Mr. Buckstone), a retired tradesman, having purchased a baronial mansion called Fitzmythe Hall, at the instance of his wife (Mrs. Wilkins) drops the name "Snoggins" and claims to be a Fitzmythe, which name he assumes as last of the race. While in enjoyment of this honour, he is surprised by a visit from a Mr. Tottenham (Mr. W. Farren), who informs him that he is the real representative of the Fitzmythes, and has only dropped the name so as to be able to follow the profession of an artist without interruption. He does not, however, object to Snoggins retaining the name he had assumed, but insists, for the honour of the family, that a magnificence in household arrangements should be kept up commensurate with its dignity. Poor Snoggins soon finds that this will bring him into the "Gazette," so wisely throws up his aristocratic name, and allows his daughter to marry young Farmer Harrowfield, whose offers he had in the height of his pride formerly refused. To arrange all matters to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, Mr. Morton here causes Mr. Tottenham to remove his beard, and to stand forth the rejected swain, who has put on the disguise to convince his future father and mother-in-law of the ridiculousness of their assumption. We suspect the farce is of French origin; but be it that as it may, it is cleverly written. With Mr. Buckstone as Snoggins, its success was certain. From first to last his audience was in a roar of laughter, which must be ascribed rather to his talent as an actor than to any piquant comicality in the dialogue. Mrs. Wilkins as Mrs. Snoggins was natural in her acting; so also was Mr. Rogers as a country servant, troubled in mind by the contradictory orders of a bewildered master. Mr. W. Farren found in the character of Tottenham a part well suited to him.

The Whitsuntide novelty produced at this house on Monday, was a ballet by Mr. Leclercq, entitled "Oddities of the Ohio." Description of this whimsicality is entirely out of the question; it must suffice for our readers that we state that its interest centres upon the determination of two young girls, Mary (Miss Contes), and Lucy (Miss Louise Leclercq), to marry the lovers on whom they had set their

affections, and upon the obstinate resolve of their guardian, Old Sam Slick (Mr. Leclercq), that they shall not do so. His allies in the struggle are Julius Caesar (Mr. Arthur Leclercq), and Dandy Jim, two gentlemen of Ethiopian extraction. As a natural consequence the maidens gain the day, but in the victory shared with their opponents the applause of a crowded house.

##### ST. JAMES'S.

The London public, who have now become almost satiated with adaptations and translations from the French on the boards of our own theatres, will not fail to rejoice that M. Adrien Talexys has determined to try his fortune at St. James's, and, by the production of the cleverest and latest French dramas, to endeavour to bring before them in their legitimate garb those pieces which have created the greatest sensation in the theatrical circles of Paris, and which on account of their popularity have been fertile sources of profit to the adapters of the day. With a company such as he announces we think he has secured to himself every probability of success; and if the performances draw such houses as we witnessed on Monday, his opening night, there can be no doubt that a French company will be located among us for some time. In order that the season might be inaugurated with becoming *éclat*, MM. Charles Potier and Lambert Dumay had written a prologue, entitled "Les Etoiles de Paris," expressly for the occasion. In it the genius "La Bonne Volonté" plays an important part by assisting a perplexed manager, whose agent had engaged a prompter, a claqueur, and a vendor of refreshments, but had forgotten to engage actors, to recruit a company whose names are inscribed upon a placard which she causes to descend before the audience. If "La Bonne Volonté" really intends that the "Stars" there set forth are to appear in the course of the season, then indeed M. Talexys may congratulate himself on having found so powerful an ally; for the present we will content ourselves with a *nous verrons*. To this Octave Feuillet's Proverbe "Le Cheveu Blanc" succeeded, Madlle. Duverger and M. Paul Devaux sustaining the parts of Madame and M. de Lussac with peculiar tact. The *pièce de résistance*, however, was M. Legouvé's comedy, "Par Droit de Conquête," one of the most popular pieces in the *répertoire* of the Théâtre Français. The plot hinges on the antagonism between the aristocracy of talent and the aristocracy of race; the former being represented by Georges Bernard, a young engineer, the latter by Alice de Rochegune, the heiress of an old family of Languedoc, to whose hand he aspires under the name of Cernay. Upon the discovery that he is of plebeian origin his suit is rejected and himself compelled to seek means to make her his bride "Par droit de conquête." M. Brindeau as Georges Bernard acted with care and discrimination. In many parts his rendering of the character told with great effect upon the audience, who repeatedly manifested their satisfaction by continued applause. We hope to see him as "Léon" in "La Bourse" which we feel assured would find a worthy interpreter in him. The Alice of Madame Thomasse is evidently founded on Madlle. Fix's conception of the part, as cast in 1855 at the Théâtre Français; she, however, acquitted herself with much credit. M. Roland acted and looked well as the Marquis de Rouille. No pains appear to have been spared to render the *mise-en-scène* effective and to insure the success of the enterprise.

##### STRAND.

"Appearances" is the title of the new comedy produced for the first time at this theatre on Monday last. The name sufficiently indicates the peculiar feature of modern society which the author has chosen to satirise. All his characters are victims to appearances, and the merit of the composition lies rather in their individual delineation than in any interest attached to the plot itself, which is bald and shallow, and frequently unintelligible. We learn, at the outset, that the mother of Cecilia Vivid (Miss E. Neville), having made an imprudent match in her youth, is compelled to place her infant son in charge of a nurse, in order to conceal her marriage from her family. The woman appropriates the money left for the child's support, and deserts it on a door-step. Fortune favours the infant; for,

being found by the inmates of the house, he is received into the family, and comes before us as Vincent (Mr. Parselle), the admirer of a certain pretty widow—Mrs. Mowbray (Miss Bufton). When entrusted to the nurse, it happened that his mother had attached her portrait around his neck, and, by a fortunate forgetfulness on the part of that personage, it was left there when she deserted him. His friend Florid (Mr. W. H. Swanborough), an artist, having copied it, disposes of the copy to a certain *parvenu*—Montgomery Plantagenet Puff (Mr. Clarke)—who, admiring the mediæval costume in which Vincent's mother is depicted, hangs it up in his room as the portrait of one of his ancestors. This leads to his being taken for the lost child. Mary Mowbray eventually elicits the truth, and Vincent, in some incomprehensible way, is discovered to be Cecilia's brother, and the long-lost child of her mother's secret marriage. The success of the piece is entirely due to the clever acting of the pre-eminently clever company at this theatre. We should not be surprised if it has a lengthened run.

##### DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL GLEANINGS.

Mr. Henry Baumer's third Concert at the Beethoven Rooms, which came off last week, was as successful as its predecessors. The programme was composed of a judicious selection from the works of the old and modern masters. Nor was there any lack of talented musicians. In the names of Madlle. Parappa and Maria de Villar, M. Sainton, Mr. Walter Pettrici, and Mr. H. Baumer, one is safe to secure a guarantee for vocal and instrumental excellence.

Mr. H. Leslie's choir gave their fifth concert of the season at St. Martin's Hall last week with undiminished success. The soloists were Misses Foslooke, Clara Hemming, Leffler, and Alice Walker, Mrs. Dixon, and Messrs. Regaldi and Hodson. Hauptmann's motett, "Source of all Light," and Mendelssohn's psalm, "Hear my prayer," were most favourably received; the last, in our opinion, was taken too fast. Mr. H. Leslie's duet for female voices, "Hopes Adieu," was warmly applauded. Altogether the choir individually and collectively worked most efficiently.

M. Laurent's operatic speculation at the Lyceum has come to an abrupt termination by the disappearance of the manager himself, and the dispersion of his company. Rumours are rife that the actual pecuniary loss will fall upon the proprietor of the theatre, who, however, may congratulate himself on having a tenant sufficiently alive to the position of operatic matters in this city to discover that a third Opera-house will never succeed, and so, by an early closing of his doors, prevent a great entailment of loss upon his landlord.

John Parry is about to make his appearance in conjunction with Mr. and Mrs. Reed in their entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration. The return of so popular a singer to public life is a matter of congratulation, and will enable those talented caterers for the public amusement to rest somewhat from their continued labours in its cause.

To-night the "Huguenots" will be brought out at Her Majesty's with an "unprecedented cast." The *débütante* will be Madlle. Louise Michal, singer to the Court of Sweden, who will appear in the part of Margherita de Valois. We have remarked portraits of Madlle. Brunetti in the music shops in this character, and naturally expected that we should have an opportunity of judging of her powers as the Huguenot Queen—why was she not selected for it, and a more fitting character given to Madlle. Michal for a *débüt*?

At the Winter Garden, New York, Halevy's Opera, "The Jewess," has been produced with great success; Signora Fabbri has gained the good opinions of the American critics by her impersonation of the principal rôle.

A FIELD-NATURALISTS' SOCIETY has lately been formed at Manchester, the object of which is to provide those resident in the neighbourhood, who possess a taste for natural history, with frequent opportunities of social intercourse; thus bringing together persons of congenial spirit, and encouraging the arts and sciences that have immediate relation to the works of nature. Upwards of 200 members have already joined the society.



FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.  
(Fifth Notice.)

The crowd at the Academy increases daily. At our last visit we found it almost as difficult to get a view of the pictures as on the opening day. There can be no kind of doubt as to the progressing love of art. It is curious to compare the catalogue of the first exhibition with that of the present year: fifty-nine pages against sixteen; thirty-three Academicians instead of forty, eight foreigners, two ladies—some only designers or sign-painters—and out of these, seventeen non-contributing members; one hundred and thirty-six exhibitors in all, many sending mere etchings, and others simply crayon sketches and “stained drawings.” One of the works by a foreigner in the present exhibition is worthy of notice—No. 379, *The Magdalen*, T. Dyckmans. It possesses many meritorious points, but is not by any means free from defect. The flesh is purely painted, and there is a character about the shadowing that may be almost accounted fine. The drawing too is almost faultless. We must object, however, to its glazy character, a fault prevailing among so many modern artists. Madame E. Jerichau's *Head of a Young Italian* (256) is full of depth and power. Ladies, as witness many of the works at their own exhibition, are rapidly treading on the heels of the “masters.” The German artist, M. Lehmann, contributes a work, No. 432, *The Convent Dole*, which may be classed as a very good sample of his native school, which has exerted too great an influence upon our own rising art generation. The Germans produce most careful drawings, but the marble statuesque character conveys no pleasure to the imagination. This painting is stone itself. A pleasing picture, somewhat unfinished, by the late gifted artist, Frank Stone, will be found in the west room, No. 409:—

“A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad one tires in a mile-a.”

Two girls laden with fish are contrasted with skill and effect, and the coast scenery is well painted. Mr. Stone had of late years shown evidence of higher powers of art than could have been expected from some of his earlier works, which, however clever in elaboration and finish, had a tendency to the mawkish and sentimental. The talent of the father is transmitted to the son, M. Stone, No. 251, who shows his great artistic capability; but why choose so strange a subject, and why carry it out in so enigmatical a manner? Moreover, it savours of considerable irreverence in the young artist's mind, to mix up “the sword of the Lord and of Gideon” with a quotation from Byron:—

“For freedom's battle, once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

Let Mr. Stone select more appropriate subjects, and use his pencil with the ability he possesses, and there is every chance of his becoming a more than average artist. Two clever men have given *Hesperus*, though treated in a very different manner. The one by Mr. Paton we fancy we have seen before; the other (421) by Mr. Anthony, is perhaps one of his best works. We have never been especial admirers of this artist, for he has always allowed eccentricity to mar the effects of his productions, which would otherwise fall very little short of perfect excellence. The present painting—

“Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things;  
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer;  
To the young birds the parents' brooding wings,  
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;  
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings.”

is free from extravagance, and is indeed a work of superior merit, worthy of a better position on the walls of the Academy. It is full of exquisite colour. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it a very fine painting. Mr. Webster, the academican, has been very chary of his brush on this occasion, only sending two paintings—121, *Autumn*; 133, *Winter*. We prefer the latter. A child is leading an old man into a church porch; a glimpse of a recently-opened grave is caught in the corner of the church-yard. There is a thoughtful though sad feeling in the suggestion. The earnest, affectionate, and watchful look of the child is very touching. No. 469, *The Sea Shell*, J. Houston, represents a fond parent amusing her offspring by holding a shell to his ear,

and the infant is evidently enjoying “the murmur of the shell.” The figures are drawn with delicacy and ease, and the background is worked in with pleasing effect. There is perhaps room for higher tone of colour. No. 319, *The Duenna's Return*, is a small but well-executed picture. The ancient guardian has returned at an unexpected moment, and discovers from the door of one room her fair charge with a wonderful cavalier—hat and feathers, and most audacious-looking whiskers—in stolen conversation at the window of another. The picture is pleasing enough, but by no means up to Mr. Horsley's mark. 214, *Sunny Moments*, and 87, *Showing a Preference*, are not much better. There are many artists more worthy of the appended A. to their names than Mr. Horsley, if he does not afford us more proof of the progress of his pencil. A Scotch artist, A. H. Burr, a name not familiar to us, exhibits a very clever picture, *Age and Youth*, No. 135. The composition consists of an old man reading the Bible to some children. The colouring is excellent. Mr. Burr is one from whose future we may expect much. The hanging committee have shown their judgment by placing the picture on the line. Would that their judgment had been equally impartial in other cases.

*The Shipwreck*, of F. Danby, A., fails to impress us with awful effect on the subject. It is commonplace in detail, leaden in colour, and quite unworthy of the artist who owns it as his production. *The Wreck*, No. 56, is correct in tone, striking in effect—a clever rendering of the situation. Mr. C. P. Knight is on the high road to fame; his *Fresh Sea-Breezes*, No. 276, are fresh in very truth. The sky and sea are beautiful and faithful studies of nature. He sends two other pictures—*Autumn*, and a subject from the “Sea Dreams” of Tennyson. *The Fisherman's Cottage*, 146, by J. Cassie, indicates observation; the rope-splitters are well drawn. There is a pleasant picture in the north room, full of comic power, 596, *Our Philharmonic Society at its First Rehearsal*, a group of villagers with their instruments getting into tune, to astonish their neighbours at some rustic concert. It is full of good stuff, and though somewhat slightly put together, affords great proof of artistic ability, anguring well for the future success of the painter. In the same room we find a singular effort from the pencil of G. D. Leslie, 578, *Matilda* (Dante, “Purgatory,” c. 28). With a similar fancy to that of young Mr. Stone, he strings up the poetry of Dante with the psalmody of David, for, not being content with referring to the chapter from “Purgatory,” he catalogues a quotation from the ninety-second psalm: “For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the work of Thy hands.” We might apply this passage to our criticism, but the sacredness of the subject forbids it. We can only add that Matilda is a maniac-looking lady, grief rather than gladness being depicted in her countenance. The very name of Leslie should have inspired a better work. A large head, of more power than prepossession, *Henry Wentworth Monk*, 510, by W. H. Hunt, hangs in this room. It displays all the artist's peculiarities, even to the accuracy of the by no means picturesque bottle-glass window, which seems to vie in colour and rigidity with the expressive physiognomy of the subject. Mr. T. Brooks has two pictures—*Faith*, 446, *Charity*, 575—both favourable specimens of manipulative art, but containing the same sentiment he has exhibited year after year. We see too much of the wasted countenance of consumption in our daily life, and we would fain see less of its pictorial realities, even though Faith may be lighting up the hope of its victim. Little children giving jams and fruit, by the order of their dear mamma, does not always betoken “charity.” We cannot consider that Mr. Egley does justice to Mrs. Browning by his *Aurora Leigh*, 555. The child is tolerably well executed, but the rest is unplesing and ineffective. There are three happy little children, by Mr. Sant, in the *Cornfield*, No. 127, attracted by the butterflies in the corn. The eagerness of one to restrain the too hasty capture of the flutterers, is effectively managed, and the colouring is beautiful, as it always is with this very clever artist. The last subject-picture we shall notice is not by any means the least, for it is

the largest and most ambitious work in the Academy, *Lord Saye and Sele before Jack Cade and his Mob*, 229, C. Lucy. Very fair is the drawing, combined with much good colour; but the action is overstrained, and the principal figures are theatrical, vulgar, and commonplace.

SCIENCE.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 24.—The Earl Stanhope, president, in the chair. An extensive series of casts from early ivory carvings was exhibited by the director. The ballot was taken for the election of a secretary, in the room of Mr. Akerman, retiring from ill-health, when Mr. C. Knight Watson was unanimously elected to that office. The meetings were then adjourned over the Whitsun holidays to Thursday, June 7.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—ANNIVERSARY.—May 28.—The Earl de Grey and Ripon, president, in the chair. The report of the council for the past year was read and adopted. It stated that 182 fellows had been elected since the last anniversary; that the number on the list was 1,316, and 57 honorary and corresponding members. The balance indicated a considerable augmentation to the income, the receipts from all sources amounting to £4,507 4s. 1d., and showed that the permanent fund had been increased to £4,500. Volume twenty-nine of the “Journal” had been published, as well as volume three of the “Proceedings,” and No. 1 of volume four; and the accessions to the library consisted of 883 books and pamphlets, and 5,217 maps and charts. An expedition into Eastern Africa, commanded by Captains Grant and Speke, aided by a grant from Government, had proceeded under the auspices of the society. James Brown, Esq., M.P., W. H. Cooke, George Elliot, C.E., Frederick Haworth, the Rev. R. Miles, the Rev. J. J. Stewart Perawne, Professor D. R. Rogers, and the Earl of Southesk, were proposed as candidates for election. The charter and regulations, as revised by a special committee, were submitted and adopted. The President next delivered the Founder's Gold Medal to Sir R. Murchison, on behalf of Lady Franklin, and the Patron's Gold Medal to Captain Sir F. Leopold McClintock, R.N. The following changes in the council were announced:—Lord Ashburton to be president, in the room of Earl de Grey and Ripon, retired; Earl de Grey to fill the vacancy in the vice-presidency caused by the retirement of Colonel W. H. Sykes. The vacancy among the trustees, occasioned by the death of Sir George T. Staunton, Bart., to be filled by Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart., and those among the ordinary councillors, consequent upon the retirement of Captain the Hon. J. Denman, Colonel Sir Henry James, General Edward Sabine, the Earl of Sheffield, Thomas Staveley, and Count Strzelecki, to be supplied by Lieutenant-General C. R. Fox, Captain W. H. Hall, R.N., A. J. B. Hope, Austen H. Layard, William Spottiswoode, Colonel W. H. Sykes, M.P., and Viscount Strangford. The President having delivered his address on the “Progress of Geographical Discovery during the past Twelve Months,” the meeting adjourned to the dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern at 7 p.m.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—May 24.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair. General Moore was elected a member of the society. Mr. Evans read a short paper on “A Silver Coin of Carausius,” in the possession of the Earl of Verulam, and lately discovered on the site of the ancient city of Verulam. It may be thus described:—IMP. CARAVSIVS. P. F. AVG., draped and laureate bust of the Emperor to right. Reverse, CONSER. AVG.; Neptune represented as an old man, seated on shell, half-naked, holding in right hand an anchor, and leaning on a trident with his left; in exergue, n.s.r. Mr. Evans remarked that this type, though not unpublished, was still of extreme rarity, so much so, as not to be noticed in the catalogue of coins of Carausius, given by Akerman in his “Coins of the Romans relating to Britain,” that it is, however, engraved in Stukely, Pl. xxx., No. 7, and in “Monumenta Hist. Brit.,” Pl. v., 12; and that there is a very similar type known, in copper, engraved in Stukely, Pl. xiii., 9, from a coin in the possession of Mr. C. Roach Smith. The type of the reverse is singularly appropriate on the coins of one who owed his elevation

entirely to his naval skill, and the ocean god is as much in his place on the coins of Carausius as he was on the coins of Agrippa 300 years before. We accordingly find him on some of his other coins, as COMOS. AVG.; but on these he is represented standing. Mr. Evans added that the representation of Neptune on the coin was singular in many respects—the drapery, the seat, and the anchor are all unusual, especially the anchor; for, besides the coins of Carausius, the denarii of Hadrian are the only ones on which Neptune is represented holding an anchor. The exergual letters P. S. A. possibly point out Rhutupium as the place of mintage of this coin. Mr. Evans also read a communication from Mr. Goddard Johnson, on "The coins inscribed PAX, and usually attributed to William I., though some of them have by Mr. Sainthill (*"Olla Podrida,"* vol. i., pl. viii.) been attributed to Rufus. Mr. Johnson is of opinion that the final s is not merely to fill up a vacant space, like the c in the PAX on the coins of Canute and the Confessor; but is intended to convey some meaning, making the legend PAX.S. This he regards, with Mr. Sainthill, as "Peace with Scotland;" and cites the peace concluded between the Conqueror and Malcolm III. in 1072, and that of Rufus with the same monarch in 1091, as fitting occasions for issuing coins of this type. Mr. Johnson also communicated some extracts from the corporation accounts of the chamberlain of Norwich, between the years 1541 and 1549, as follows:—

"Lost in ij. very bad, base French crowns  
that was paid to Mr. Eyer, . . . ij shillings.

Lost in xxx. pence of Dandypratts and  
Dyloyn grots sold for xxij. liij. . . . vij

He remarks that Dandypratts were small silver coins, probably farthings, of Henry VII. and VIII., and it was most likely from the use of this word as a diminutive—a small child being called a "dandypratt of a thing"—that this term was applied to the smallest coins of the English series, weighing only from two to three grains. Communications were also read from Mr. Akerman, on "A gold coin of Louis le Debonnaire (814-840)," being a barbarous imitation of the gold coins engraved in the "Revue Numismatique," vol. ii., pl. viii., Nos. 2 and 3, and bearing on the reverse MYNVS. DIVINVS, the type being a cross within a wreath; from Mr. George Sim, "A series of coins found in the farm of Netherfield, parish of Cummertrees, in the county of Dumfries," including foreign Sterlings, John of Hainault, of Mons and Valenciennes, and Robert III. of Flanders, a coin of Scotland, and several of Edward I. and II. of England—in all, 195; from Mr. Roach Smith, on "A third brass coin of Carausius, with Fortuna Ang. and her bust on the reverse," which gave rise to the blunder of Stukely, who mistook this for an empress and wife of Carausius—found at Richborough, the ancient Rutupium. Dr. Bialolotsky also gave the society a few remarks on some Jewish tokens.

**CHEMICAL.**—May 3.—R. Parrett, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The following papers were read: "On Zinc-methyl," by Mr. J. A. Wanklyn; "On the stibethyl and stibomethyls" by Mr. G. B. Buckton; "On some derivatives from the olefines" by Dr. Guthrie.

**THE DETECTION OF ARSENIC.**—Dr. Frederick Griffin, in a letter to the "Chemical News," objects to the process recommended by Dr. Guy of condensing arsenical vapours on flat plates of glass placed at the mouth of the tube employed. Dr. Guy states that a 4th objective is required for the microscopic examination of the crystals thus obtained. Dr. Griffin explains that the dense vapour which forms larger crystals, sinks lower down in the tube, and is there condensed. He recommends closing the tube with a loosely-fitting cork, driving the arsenic entirely away from the lower part of the tube, and then re-vaporising the sublimate, when the dense vapour will sink to the bottom, and yield crystals which glitter in the sun like diamonds, and exhibit the same play of colours, and are from 1-150th to 1-200th of an inch in diameter. In some cases the octahedrons are perfect, but more usually truncated, and having all the angles sharp. Dr. Griffin thinks that, in supposing the arsenic crystals sometimes to assume the cubic form, Dr. Guy has been deceived by hasty examination. He states that an octahedron, if opaque, and seen only by transmitted light, often

appears a cube; while, when viewed perpendicularly to either its axis or section, its outline is square. He recommends viewing the crystals by reflected light, using a bull's-eye condenser, and at the same time throwing a feeble transmitted light in various degrees of obliquity. Under these circumstances, the large crystals, formed as he recommends, may be seen with an inch objective. Operating with 1-1000th of a grain of white arsenic, he succeeded in obtaining crystals, by a second sublimation, perfect in form, and about 1-1200th of an inch in diameter, capable of being satisfactorily viewed by a 4th objective. Dr. Griffin thinks little importance should be attached in medico-legal inquiries to the mere fact of very minute quantities of arsenic being detected, as there are many sources from which it might be innocently introduced into the system and retained for years. He considers it probable that certain organs, and especially the liver, may store it up. This is a point that should be cleared up as soon as possible; and if our colleges of physicians and surgeons would take the matter in hand, they might easily cause an analysis to be made of portions of the livers of subjects used for hospital dissection.

#### A NEW THEORY OF SOUND.

In a paper lately read before the French Society of Engineers, M. Love contends that sound, heat, and light are produced by the same agency; and that in the case of sound, the air or solid bodies only act as intermediaries by which electric fluid is set in motion. Sound, heat, and light are, according to this view, only different and accelerated vibrations of the same fluid. The "Presse Scientifique," which records these curious notions, does not supply the arguments on which they are founded.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

**TELE. Royal Institution, 3.**—Dr. Spencer Cobbold, on "Herbivorous Mammalia—The Hippopotamus," &c.  
**THURS. Chemical, 8.**—Dr. Frankland, on "The Organometallic Bodies."  
**FRIDAY. Royal Institution, 3.**—Professor Ansted, on "The Antiquity of the Human Race."  
**FRIDAY. Linnæan, 8.**—Professor Green, on "The Mutual Relations of the Cold-blooded Vertebrata;" Dr. Jamieson and Sir John Richardson, on "The Poisonous Effects of the Liver of a Diodon inhabiting the Seas of South Africa;" Mr. Lubbock, on "Some New Entomostraca;" Dr. Wilson, on "The Nervous System of the Ascaride;" Mr. Walker, "Descriptions of New Guinea Diptera."

**FRIDAY. Antiquaries, 8.**  
**FRIDAY. Royal Institution, 8.**—Professor Faraday, on "The Electric Silk-Loom."

**SATUR. Royal Institution, 3.**—Mr. F. A. Abel, on "Explosive Mixtures and Flame."

#### OBITUARY.

##### THE LATE DAVID IRVING, LL.D.

The remains of this distinguished Scottish scholar have been committed to the grave at Edinburgh. Dr. Irving, who was born in the village of Langholm in Dumfriesshire, on the 5th of December, 1777, entered the University of Edinburgh in his 18th year, and took his degree in 1801, having highly distinguished himself, particularly in the Greek classes. He was originally intended for the Church, but having some religious scruples, he applied himself to literature. His first work was the "Lives of Scottish Authors—Fergus on Falconer, and Russell," followed by a treatise on English composition, which was well received as a text-book, and has now reached a thirteenth edition. His next effort, "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan," published in 1817, established his position as an author, and it was mainly on the strength of that enhanced reputation that Marischal College, Aberdeen, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Law; while the second edition, published in 1820, won for him the honourable appointment of keeper of the library of the Faculty of Advocates. Between 1830 and 1842, Dr. Irving was the contributor of three treatises on the canon, civil, and feudal law, and several Scottish biographies, to the seventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The deceased married Anna, the eldest daughter of Dr. Robert Anderson, the biographer of Smollett and Johnson, the lady to whom Leyden's "Elegy on the Death of a Favourite Linnet" was originally addressed.

#### SCRAPS AND SKETCHES.

Mr. HENRY BRADLEY, of Leamington, has allowed his beautiful collection of modern English pictures and drawings to pass into other hands. Messrs. Christie and Manson disposed of them on Saturday last. Two of Muller's finest works caused considerable competition. *The Harbour of Rhodes*, and the *Salmon Trap, in Glen Ladder, near Bettws y Coed*, a grand upright landscape, with a cottage, stream falling over rocks, and richly-wooded background, fetched the respective prices of 300 and 600 guineas. A water-colour drawing by Turner, *Dover from the Sea*, the celebrated drawing from which the engraving was made, brought 302 guineas. We know of no other water-colour drawing of this master to compare with this, except that by the same artist, in the Egremont collection at Petworth—*The Chain Pier, Brighton—from the Sea*. A *Storm in Harvest*, by Linnell, senior, was purchased by Mr. Hooper for 630 guineas. It presents a group of peasants hastening home through a corn-field, under a very grand stormy sky, painted with wonderful power and effect. It was purchased from the artist, and has never been exhibited. The collection realised £3,500. Many other valuable works were sold on the same day, including, *The Ship Boy's Letter*, by J. C. Hook, R.A.: it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and found great favour in the eyes of Mr. Ruskin, who praised it highly. It produced 275 guineas. The copyright is in the hands of Messrs. Graves, of Pall Mall, who paid the artist 250 guineas for it. The day's sale amounted to 6,900 guineas. An important sale will take place at the same rooms on Monday next, of drawings by old painters, collected by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, and purchased from his representatives by that well-known connoisseur, Mr. Samuel Woodburn. Some exquisite works of Michael Angelo and Raffaele are among the number, the former having been procured direct from the Buonarrotti family, and engraved by Ottley. The collection includes specimens of Correggio, Guido, Titian, Poussin, Watteau, and the celebrated portrait of the Duke de Reichstadt by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Mr. B. Spence is now casting at Rome a statue, of which he has recently completed the modelling, representing *The Lady of the Lake*. Her Majesty has given the commission to Mr. Spence, as a companion to his statue of *Highland Mary*, which is already at the palace. The chieftain's daughter is represented pausing in mute attention, ear in hand, listening to the thrilling notes of that eventful horn which had such influence on her destiny. A drawing of the statue has been sent to the Queen, who greatly approves of the design.

It is considered highly probable that the Newstead estate, including the Abbey, will be purchased by the Duke of Portland.

The fourth *conversazione* of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, was held yesterday week at Bridgewater House, its president, the Earl of Ellesmere, throwing open his beautiful gallery, and taking the chair on the occasion. The object of this society seems likely to be attained, viz., "to create a true sympathy between artists and those to whom they minister—to elevate the aspirations of both in the mutual relations so established—and generally to promote the instructive influence of art as a profession." Lectures, discussions, *conversazioni*, in which music will have a place, distributions of prizes, exhibitions, books, engravings, and monthly periodicals, all tend towards the desired end. Mr. Ottley read a paper on the Dutch and Italian schools, in which special reference was made to many of the works in the Bridgewater collection. A concert, conducted by M. Benedict, followed. Among the curiosities exhibited was a medal struck in honour of the restoration of Charles II., together with the original die.

The portraits in the Prince's Chamber have been paid for in the following manner: £70 for each of the twenty-eight portraits, including the ornamental gilt background; £1,900 in all. They were executed under the direction of Mr. Richard Burchett, head master in the Science and Art Department, South Kensington.

The Council of the Society of Arts gave a *conver-*



sazione at the South Kensington Museum on Saturday last. There was scarcely room for the number of visitors invited. The Sheepshanks, Vernon, and Turner galleries were thrown open, and the Ellison collection of water-colour drawings was exhibited for the first time. It was arranged in the Sheepshanks gallery, and attracted much attention. A large variety of works of art were exhibited; examples of ancient Champlevé and Limoges painted enamels, antique bronzes, and some admirable specimens of majolica, lent by Mr. Fortnum. The number of visitors exceeded 2,000.

The Picture Gallery at the Crystal Palace has been re-arranged. Several of the pictures exhibited last season have been removed, and new ones occupy their place. A catalogue, which has long been required, has been printed. The gallery is divided into oil paintings of the British, and oil paintings of the Foreign School.

The annual meeting of the charity-school children will be held at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday.

Mr. S. D. Goodrich, popularly known as "Peter Parley," died a few weeks since in New York. He was the author of many useful and interesting works.

A new church will shortly be erected in Windmill Street, at the top of the Haymarket. An ecclesiastical district will be assigned to the new church out of the parish of St. James's, Piccadilly. The Bishop of London has taken a great interest in the matter, and her Majesty has been a liberal contributor to the fund which it has been necessary to raise.

We find that no less than 26,150 persons visited the state apartments in Hampton Court Palace on Monday—a further proof of the increasing love of art among the inhabitants of the metropolis and its environs.

The first fête of the Royal Botanical Society, Regent's Park, took place on Wednesday last. There are now 2,000 subscribers on the list. The orchids were very attractive; a rare specimen, *arphyllium gigantum*, being greatly admired. The pelargoniums and azaleas gave out their wonted mass of brilliancy and colour. 12,000 visitors were present in the gardens.

Her Majesty has nominated the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Richard Quain, M.D., and Mr. James Paget, F.R.S., members of the Senate in the University of London, to fill the vacancies caused by the deaths of Bishop Malby, Lord Macaulay, and Mr. M. T. Baines.

A public meeting took place on Wednesday evening, at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, to consider the propriety of establishing a South London Museum. Mr. Roupell took the chair. Resolutions as to the necessity for such an establishment were proposed, and carried unanimously; the last one being, "That the meeting is of opinion that the trustees of the British Museum should be requested to aid in the formation of a museum for South London, by the gift or loan of specimens, of works of art, and objects of natural history, antiquities, &c., and that a petition be prepared in accordance with the object, and signed by the chairman." Such an institution is most desirable.

**KEW GARDENS.**—The tender of Messrs. Cubitt and Co., of Pimlico, for the erection of the great conservatory and winter garden in the pleasure-grounds and arboretum adjoining the Botanic Gardens, at Kew, has been accepted by the First Commissioner of her Majesty's Office of Works, and the work commenced. It will be a trifle short of seven hundred feet in length, covering somewhat about the same space as the Great Eastern steamship, and probably the grandest purely horticultural building in the world. It will occupy an extensive area on the right-hand side of the grand lawn avenue, leading from the Palm House to the Pagoda. The whole noble domain of three hundred acres is now in all its floral beauty and splendour, and beautiful almost beyond description. The new lake of five acres, with beautifully-wooded islands, is situated midway between the Palm House and the Thames, on the left of the Zion vista. The Gardens open daily at one o'clock; on Sundays at two; closing daily at sunset. All the Plant Houses and the Museums are strictly shut at six. Free admission for all.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, May 30.

You may have seen, perhaps, that two days before the real Derby at Epsom, the Chantilly Derby was won by a horse belonging to a lady's stud. The horse is named "Beauvais," and is the property of Madame Latache de Fay. There hangs a tale to all this. Several years ago, M. Latache de Fay, a great proprietor of race-horses, died, and his latest recommendation to his wife was to preserve his stud till one of his horses should have won the French Derby. "This has now been done," as the "Elements of Euclid" express it, and we shall see whether Madame Latache de Fay will continue on her defunct husband's racing stud, or sell it off, now this famous "Derby" is won.

The Mirès-Polignac marriage is still one of the standing topics of conversation, and everybody is full of something the father-in-law elect did or did not say, and the last saying attributed to him is this—"Well, Prince (speaking to his son-in-law), *vous avez du sang pour trois, mais j'ai moi, du trois pour cent*." Then the party opposed to Mirès clamoured loudly against this, and declares what he did say to have been—"Vous avez de la noblesse pour trois, mais j'ai, moi, du trois pour cent," which speech has absolutely no point at all. But the two versions divide people, and the adherents of Mirès swear the latter one is invented by Rothschild. It is certain nothing can surpass the contempt felt and shown by the "King of Jews" and all his following for the Israelitish *nouveaux riches*; and they are, I suspect, fully capable of trying to make the mushroom Cressus, Mirès, ridiculous by putting about no matter what absurdity, and quoting it as his. Be that as it may, never did a marriage cause more talk and more "scandal" than the one I allude to.

In the way of politics, there is that going on here just now which is really interesting and worthy of every notice. You have often, of course, heard the "fusion" alluded to, and it has been more than once asserted that its existence was an impossibility. Well, it has been brought in a round-about way into existence, and is a practical fact at this present hour.

Last autumn, just after the Italian war, M. d'Haussonville, the son-in-law of the Duc de Broglie, wrote a very clever letter to the "Courrier du Dimanche," in which he set forth the usefulness of a government of discussion, saying that if any form of Government excepting that of despotism and the arbitrary rule of one man had existed, the war then just ended could not have afflicted France. From that he proceeded to establish that liberties of expression existed, even under the present régime, in sufficient amount to render it possible to complain of those that were wanting. The "Courrier du Dimanche" was naturally "warned" for this publication, and the extended freedom of the press that had been announced as forthcoming was nipped in the bud. M. d'Haussonville followed up this by his famous "Lettres aux Avocats," in which he said every French citizen had a "right" to petition the constituted corps of the empire; and, above all, the Senate; and "right of petition" became a popular cry. On this question already a virtual species of "fusion" manifested itself, and the "Consultation" published in reply to M. d'Haussonville was signed by the legal men of every shade of opinion in France. The Government took alarm, and M. d'Haussonville was to be prosecuted. It was decided that prosecution, however, was impossible, and a printer was forthwith summoned by M. d'Haussonville, and desired to print his "Letter," and the "Consultation" of the lawyers. The printer refused, saying he could not print as a pamphlet any writings a portion whereof had been "warned." An action was then brought against the printer, and the Tribunal decided that a printer was to publish a "warned" pamphlet at all times, leaving to the Government the choice of prosecuting the author afterwards. This was an enormous step gained; for now anything can appear, and the authorities are forced to challenge public opinion by a prosecution, and may get the worst of it, as they have this winter in so many cases. But this point being gained, M. d'Hausson-

vill was not slow to profit by it. His first wish was to found a newspaper, and he applied for authorisation. This was refused him. "But, M. le Ministre," said the gentleman deputed to M. Billault, "we want to found a journal on principles of moderate constitutional opposition." At this M. Billault bounded up from his chair, exclaiming, "Moderate opposition! that is just what we cannot allow!" Since then, the constant desire of M. d'Haussonville has been the foundation of this fusionist journal, and the constant resolve of the Government has been to prevent its foundation. Now, at last, the "dodge" has been invented whereby the constituted authorities are "cheated," and the fusionist publications are to be forthcoming. A publisher, by name Dumnisery, in the Rue de Richelieu, consents to publish consecutively, and advertise, a number of treatises and pamphlets on the subjects most disagreeable to the Emperor and the Ministers; and the form of advertisement is this: The Prince Albert de Broglie, brother-in-law of M. d'Haussonville, writes a book on Algeria, full of criticisms on the actually existing administration; and at the back of the book appears a long list of future publications, in which the names of Barryer, Rénaudet, Jules Simon, Odilon Barrot, Saint Marc Girardin, Prévost Paradol, and others of that stamp, are affixed to titles of the most anti-Imperialistic description; such, for instance, as "*Indifférence in Politics*," or the "*Conditions of Freedom*," or the "*Effects of Centralisation*," or "*Studies on the Constitution of the Empire*!" Seventeen of these works are announced, one after the other, and in reality you might as well set upon an opposition review at once that should undertake to write down the present régime. It is, nevertheless, very difficult for the Government to take hold of this new form of resistance, and as the law now stands, its only way of proceeding is to prosecute each work and each author separately. This is a most thankless, uneasy, and unpopular task, and one the Imperialists would rather not be forced into, if they could avoid it.

The Prince de Broglie's "Treatise on Algeria" was the first of the threatened series; the next on the list stood a pamphlet by Prévost Paradol, and he called it "*Les Anciens Partis*." This has now just appeared, and most witty and most damaging it is. The ground taken up by this young and courageous polemist is the most delicate and hardest of all to manoeuvre well upon under existing circumstances: it is the ground of the very "fusion" itself. Far from blinking the question in the least, M. Paradol goes straight at it, and says:—"There are people who affect to be astonished nay, all but scandalised, at the joining together of men of different opinions in blame, but it would be easy to show men of the most adverse politics who have joined together in support;" and he then takes his reader with him to the Senate, of all places, and shows him the determined Orléanist Dupin, and the terrible Legitimist Larochefoucauld, and the Republican Clemenini and the Lord knows who besides; and he asks whether anything can be more hostile than the past lives of these people each to the other? Yet he shows them associated for the defence, as he says, "of what they call order;" and he affirms that it is every bit as right and proper that the people who do not agree with them should associate together to say so, though their shades of opinion may not be all exactly the same. This pamphlet of Prévost Paradol's is already making an immense sensation, and will make a still deeper one the more it is read. How far, however, it will be possible for the Government to allow such publications as these to go on regularly, remains, I think, to be seen.

I could not let this new phase of opposition manifest itself, and bear the important fruit it is bearing, without drawing your readers' attention to it, and explaining what it means. It is as much a page of the history of modern France as was the "ship-money" in our own.

**MEMORIAL TO THE LATE BISHOP CARR.**—It is proposed to fill in the east and west windows of Bath Abbey Church with stained glass as memorials of the late Bishop Carr, rector of Bath, and the late Thomas Bellot, Esq., founder of Bath Hospital.

## THE SOLDIER SCULPTOR.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

FLORENCE, May 26.

AMONGST the distinguishing features of the age we live in, there is probably not one which will leave such memorable results behind it as the energy which Englishmen have shown in the prosecution of new and strange careers,—the indomitable courage and perseverance they have displayed in circumstances perfectly novel. It is really in no vain-glorious spirit we can say that the Anglo-Saxon race lends itself more readily to the spirit of the time and the demands of emergency than any other of which history tells us. I found myself a few days back in a lonely and almost deserted street of Florence. A high wall at one side, over which some trees showed their foliage, was answered at the other by a large, irregular old building, whose jealous-looking windows betrayed the convent. Looking somewhat closer, however, I perceived that the place was no longer tenanted by the devout, but was in reality an artist's studio, the name C—F—on the door modestly announcing the proprietor.

"C—F—" muttered I to myself; strange accident of name. It was only a few years ago I knew one who bore it, the most flattered and eagerly sought, the handsome aide-de-camp, the best-looking and most accomplished fellow of a crack cavalry regiment, one of those men who carry with them into life the *cachet* of gentleman so distinctively, whose breeding is so eminently true and real that even the scoundrelmongers of society are fain to let them pass unmolested, and suffer their claim to notice and distinction to be preferred without objecting. Some reverses of fortune, I know not exactly how caused, had compelled him to leave the army; but, with influential connections, and the popularity of his name, I had little doubt of his obtaining some public employment—in fact, such a man, highly gifted and accomplished as he was, could not fail of receiving his just recognition. I had asked three or four who knew him, and all I could learn was that he had been at Constantinople at such a time; so and so had met him at such an embassy at dinner, and he had been shooting with somebody else at such a place; when suddenly the same name on the door-post of the convent brought up the man to my mind. Curious to see him who bore the designation—amusing myself with the idea of how unlike would be the cavalry officer with the pale-checked artist—I rang the bell, and asked permission to see the studio. The artist, I was informed, was from home, but I could see the studio. In the vast chamber, which had had once been the chapel of the convent, and which was now arranged with the most consummate taste, I saw a number of busts, many of which, seen at a glance, I could recognise—Mario and Grisi, a distinguished Welsh baronet, and a well-known Irish beauty.

From these, however, I turned to examine the greater and more pretentious works to which my attention was now called. One, called the *Custaway*, represented a young sailor, storm-tossed on a raft, at a moment when a strange sail has come in sight and answered his signal. The form of strength and symmetry wasted by privation and suffering, but not painfully emaciated—the terrible eagerness of the face, as with a last effort he seems to cry for aid—the strength which, in the very act, appears to fail him, were all depicted with consummate power. There was all the narrative power of a late great writer with the life-like traits which mere description never reaches; and, greater than these, there was the great work of art, the graceful delineation of form, the most accurate study of the human anatomy, and the truest adherence to all the principles of art.

Beside this—but as yet only existing in the state of model—was one of the most beautiful conceptions I have ever seen. It was the undraped figure of a girl sleeping; the expression of the features, slightly moved by some passing dream, but still relaxed in sleep, harmonised beautifully with the repose of the attitude; and, as if to contrast with such peaceful loveliness, a proud eagle, with arched neck and piercing eye, stands cowering at her feet, seizing as his prey her slipper, for it is the fable of Rhodope, the Cinderella of Eastern story, which is here told.

To represent the utmost amount of beauty, the most consummate perfection of form in all the voluptuous abandonment of sleep, and yet retain throughout the purest sentiment of the ideal, is the triumph of this work. The whole conception is chaste as the spotless marble that reveals it.

I have but space to mention one other work—a half-finished model of Lady Godiva. She is of course undraped, but the masses of her flowing fair fall in wavy sheets over her, as with bent-down head and modest mien she moves slowly on. The figure is a charming one; it is womanly grace in all its highest perfection. But probably the critical eye will be equally struck by the horse, which shows how thoroughly the artist must have studied that animal's proportions. The pace is a slow one, and consequently more difficult to render; but every muscle is portrayed, and every articulation delineated with so truthful a nicety, that I only know of one instance to compete with it—Ranch's admirable equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. Disappointed at not meeting the artist himself—for I own that my visit had been prompted by the curiosity I have mentioned—I asked some questions about him. "He was very young—an Englishman," my informant proudly said, *un homo bellissimo*, who could do everything; he rode, drew, sang and spoke foreign languages. "Had he ever served in the British army?" I asked. "Yes; here was his portrait," and he pointed to a water-colour sketch, and the sculptor stood revealed in the handsome officer of the Lancers!

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